This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

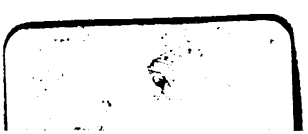
+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`



THE

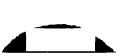
CHASE,

A

POEM.

Bought from Jos. Thornton, July, 1906 for 1/-

280 - f. 1780



THE

CHASE,

A

POEM.

By WILLIAM SOMERVILLE, Esq.

A NEW EDITION.

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED

A CRITICAL ESSAY,

By J. AIKIN, M. D.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR T. CADELL, JUN. AND W. DAVIES,
IN THE STRAND.
1800.

(R. NOBLE, PRINTER, OLD BAILEY.)

BODL. LIBR.
26 JUL 1916
OXFORD

A

CRITICAL ESSAY

ON

SOMERVILLE's POEM

OF

THE CHASE.

THE true idea of a didactic poem being once eſtabliſhed—that its real purpoſe is not to *teach*, but to *amuſe* under the ſemblance of teaching—it will remain to be conſidered what kinds of ſubjects afford the happieſt themes for theſe compoſitions. The two great requiſites appear to be, intereſt and variety. Without the former, the work will prove inſipid; without the latter, tedious. The firſt point is ſecured by chooſing a topic which is capable of

rouſing the paſſions, or, at leaſt, of agitating the mind by lively emotions. The ſecond is attained by frequent changes of ſcenery, and a due mixture of images derived from the ſenſes and the underſtanding.

The ſubject of the poem before us will, it is preſumed, be generally thought to poſſeſs both theſe advantages in no inconſiderable degree. As far as inſtinctive propenſities can be attributed to man, it may be aſſerted that he has ever, in almoſt all the different ſtates of ſociety in which he has been placed, exhibited a native paſſion for the chaſe; and he may, perhaps, be denominated a *hunting animal*, with as much propriety as the dog or the panther. Like the former of theſe, he receives

delight from the chaſe itſelf, independently of the acquiſition; for it is found, that no degree of plenty obtained by the labours of others, or by exertions of a different kind, has been able to ſubdue that ardour by which many are impelled to incur hardſhips, fatigues, and even dangers, in purſuit of an object, which would be extremely trivial, were it not for the gratification experienced in the very purſuit. What but the chaſe (or war, which is an image of it), can urge the rich man to forego the pleaſures of luxurious indolence, and ſubmit to privations and bodily ſufferings which for a time put him upon a level with the loweſt of his train? —while the poor man is equally prone to encounter hazards of all kinds for the ſake of a participation in the ſame animating delights. M. de SAUSSURE,

in his travels among the Alps, giving an account of the dangerous ſport of chamois-hunting, relates the following circumſtance. "I knew a young man, of an engaging figure and countenance, juſt married to a charming woman, who, on converſing upon this ſubject, ſaid to me, My grandfather died in the chaſe, ſo did my father, and ſo perſuaded am I that the ſame will be my deſtiny, that I call this ſack which I take with me on my hunting expeditions, my winding-ſheet, becauſe I am certain I ſhall have no other. And yet, Sir, were you to offer to make my fortune on condition of renouncing chamois-hunting, I would not comply." Within two years the poor man's prediction was verified. M. de SAUSSURE, in accounting for this extraordinary paſſion, which could not be excited by any

reaſonable hopes of profit, juſtly attributes its power to the alternations of hope and fear, and the perpetual agitation of the mind from theſe ſtrong emotions, which actuate the hunter as they do the gameſter, the warrior, and the navigator.

With reſpect to the *variety* afforded by the chaſe as a ſubject for the poet, it is conſiderable, not only in direct deſcription, but in digreſſive and incidental matter. The ſpeculatiſt, who is inclined to take a wide range, may deſcant on various topics of philoſophy and natural hiſtory connected with it; ſuch as the ſeparate powers of inſtinct and education in animals, the oppoſite laws of preſervation and deſtruction in the economy of nature, the influence of climate and ſeaſon, the moral effects of

the paſſion for the chaſe, and the like. If to theſe be added, hiſtorical digreſſions relative to the manners of different ſtages of ſociety and periods of the world with reſpect to this object, intermixed, perhaps, with a portion of mythology, which might without force be introduced, it will appear that a poem on hunting may poſſeſs compaſs and elevation enough to prove intereſting even to thoſe who are not practically attached to the ſports of the field.

The poem of Mr. SOMERVILLE, however, is much leſs a philoſophical than it is a deſcriptive one. The writer was a real, not a ſpeculative, ſportſman; and it was not till fixed to his elbow-chair by infirmity, that he thought of writing on the chaſe, inſtead of following it. Claſſically edu-

cated, but, as it appears, with a mind not remarkably opened by habits of inveſtigation, or elevated by images of the fancy, he has produced a piece, the principal excellence of which conſiſts in pictures drawn from the life, and animated by the warm genuine feelings of the painter. The language, the ſentiments, the incidents, all diſplay perfect acquaintance with the ſcenes deſcribed; and in hurrying from narration to narration, with little interpoſition of digreſſive and fanciful matter, he ſeems rather borne directly onward by his ardour for a favourite ſubject, than bounded by incapacity for excurſive flights. By his manner of writing he has certainly attained that which ſhould be the principal aim of every writer, whether in verſe or proſe—he has deeply intereſted his reader in his

deſcriptions, and has placed every thing before the imagination in the ſtrong light and vivid colours of reality. But the merit of the work is not confined to truth and ſpirit alone. Its plan and arrangement are formed with competent ſkill; variety and contraſt are ſtudied with ſucceſs; and the attempt, at leaſt, to break the uniformity of deſcription by the intermixture of ſentiment and reflection, has not been neglected.

To proceed to a more particular examination of the poem—After a dedicatory addreſs to the Prince of WALES, in ſtrains ſufficiently adulatory, the writer gives a ſlight ſketch of the origin of hunting in times of barbariſm, and of its introduction in a more poliſhed form into this iſland. The brevity with which he paſſes over theſe topics, certainly

not unfertile of poetical ideas, proves his impatience to quit ſpeculation and conjecture for the realities of deſcription. A ſhort but ſpirited paſſage on the praiſes of Britain, next introduces the propoſed ſubject of the work, declared in an addreſs to the youth of hereditary landed property; and the poet feelingly alludes to his own ſituation, prevented by years and infirmities from joining in the pleaſures of the chaſe, but ſtill recalling with delight his former triumphs, and pleaſed to point out to others the way to like renown.

The proper buſineſs of the book commences with a deſcription of the dog-kennel, in which he ſoon exhibits his talent for accurate and lively painting, by repreſentations of the pack iſſuing forth in the

morning, oppreſſed by the fervour of noon, bathing in the cool ſtream, ſporting with each other, and engaging in broils and combats. A particular and beautiful deſcription of the hare-hound or beagle ſucceeds, which is followed by a ſketch of other kinds, adapted for different departments of the chaſe. This introduces a digreſſion concerning the blood-hounds which were formerly kept on the Scottiſh border, and employed in detecting robbers. The picture of one of theſe at work in purſuing by the ſcent and at laſt detecting the felon, is highly animated. Hence the poet is naturally led to ſome philoſophical diſcuſſion on the nature and cauſe of thoſe effluvia which exerciſe the admirable ſagacity of the canine ſpecies; and he concludes the book with ſhewing the effects of atmoſpherical

changes on the ſcenting power of dogs, and with ſome liberal ſentiments concerning the advantages of a cultured mind in enabling a perſon to enjoy at home thoſe days which are unfit for the diverſions of the field.

The ſecond book opens with a philoſophical ſubject, which the poet, had he been ſo diſpoſed, might not unſuitably have purſued to a greater extent. It is the power of inſtinct in modifying the actions and habits of the brute creation. He contents himſelf, however, with inſtancing its effects in two animals, the roebuck and the hare. In ſpeaking of the latter, he ſlides into a fuller deſcription of its manners and mode of life, preparatory to the firſt grand picture in his work, that of a hare-hunt. A

pleaſing view of autumn, and a ſpirited ſketch of the dawn of day, are the immediate preludes. The impatience of the fiery courſer, and the ecſtacy of the pack let looſe from their kennel, and ready to begin the chaſe, are finely painted. The enſuing deſcription receives peculiar value from its circumſtantial minuteneſs; which, diſplayed in natural and energetic language, intermixed with burſts of genuine feeling, gives wonderful force and truth to the whole ſcenery. If any one compares the finiſhed picture of a chaſe by SOMERVILLE, with the draughts by THOMSON, formed upon general ideas, and interſperſed with ſentiment and reflection, he will be ſenſible of the great difference between writing upon a topic merely as belonging to a general ſubject, and indulging in a favourite theme, which dwells on the mind in the vivid colours of

memory and affection. It would be ſcarce poſſible even in proſe to deſcribe the hunting of the hare with more exactneſs than is here done; yet the language throughout is ſufficiently elevated, and ſome of the paſſages are truly poetical. Such is that, deſcribing the *muſic of the chaſe*, and its faſcinating effect upon all the hearers; well exemplifying the univerſality of that paſſion which urges men to partake of the hunter's paſtime. Though there are touches in the repreſentation which may call forth the emotions of pity in a feeling mind, yet the poet has judiciouſly refrained from enforcing them by moral ſentiment and reflection, which would act in contradiction to his purpoſe. The effect of the oppoſite conduct of THOMSON, in converting a joyous ſcene into a melancholy one, is obvious.

This humble though animated Engliſh hunting-piece is ſucceeded by a contraſt, repreſenting the chaſe in its utmoſt pomp and magnificence, with reſpect both to the perſons engaged in it, and the objects. It is an eaſtern picture, copied from the relations of travellers; and to which, therefore, the writer has brought nothing but his acquired ſkill in poetical painting, with the enthuſiaſm inſpired by a favourite ſubject. It is truly a grand and noble piece, abounding in rich images and ſtriking incidents, and wrought with great force and diſtinctneſs of colouring. Its character being, as it were, hiſtorical, there is little ſcope for ſtrokes of the fancy; yet the effect of the martial muſic and ſhouts of the ſurrounding hunters upon the encloſed wild beaſts, is conceived with true poetic imagination;

——————tygers fell
Shrink at the noiſe; deep in his gloomy den
The lion ſtarts, and morſels yet unchewed
Drop from his trembling jaws.

And the mutual rage of the encircled ſavages againſt each other, with their ſudden tameneſs at the approach of their human foe, are ſtriking ideas. If any objection lies againſt this ſplendid picture, it is, that being introduced thus early, it has a tendency to flatten and diminiſh the ſubſequent ſcenes. We ſhall ſee, however, that the poet has made the beſt uſe of his perſonal knowledge, to throw an intereſt, by the force and clearneſs of circumſtance, upon the home deſcriptions he afterwards introduces.

The third book commences with the fox-chaſe, a ſubject which he ſeems to have laboured more

con amore than any other. It is, indeed, the capital ſcene of action to the Engliſh ſportſman; for though the ſtag is a much nobler object of purſuit, the chaſe of the fox abounds with greater variety of incident, and is a ſeverer trial to the ſpirit of the hunters, and the perſeverance of the dogs and horſes. The brief account of the extirpation of the wolf, a kindred animal, from this iſland, forms an appropriate introduction. The caſting off the hounds, their working upon the ſcent, the unkennelling of the fox, his breaking away to the open country, and the full cry of the pack, are all highly animated pictures. In the purſuit, ſomewhat of the ludicrous is intermixed, together with ſome pathetic incidents, which laſt appear rather incongruous in a ſcene which is repreſented as inſpiring "the madneſs of delight."

The notice taken of other modes of deſtroying this noxious animal, introduces a digreſſion, in which are deſcribed the methods of taking the lion and the elephant in pitfalls, the curious manner of hunting the leopard by means of a mirror, and a wild-boar chaſe. All theſe pictures are copied from other authors, and of courſe are not enlivened with the ſpirit and circumſtance of the Britiſh ones. Yet they afford an agreeable variety; and the draughts of the lion aſtoniſhed by his fall into the pit, and of the elephant iſſuing majeſtically from his covert in the evening, are vigorouſly conceived.

The other capital picture of this book is that of a ſtag-hunt in Windſor-foreſt. Though vaſtly inferior in magnificence to that of the Indian hunting

before deſcribed, it is, however, drawn in a dignified ſtyle, and made to partake of the poliſh and ſplendour of a court. Such being its character, it is no wonder that the ardour and animation congenial to the chaſe when partaken of by equals, is ſomewhat kept down; and that a kind of awe and reſpect for the exalted perſonages who compoſe the principal figures takes place of the ſportſman's rapture. This, too, is the only ſcene in which ladies are introduced as forming part of the group; whence gallantry has its ſhare in the ſentiments. But, much as we muſt admire the graceful form of the huntreſs, the *penſive* lover at her ſide makes rather an inſipid figure. There is, however, conſiderable variety and intereſt in the events of the chaſe; and much diligence is employed to render

the deſcriptions full and poetical. It concludes with a compliment to the ſovereign on a ſuppoſed exertion of mercy in ſaving the life of the hunted animal; but the occaſion is to trivial to juſtify the pomp of the ſentiment.

The fourth book commences with a ſtrain of philoſophiſing, the drift of which it is not eaſy to diſcover. If the purpoſe were, to eſtabliſh the poſition, that unleſs a pack of hounds be recruited with a young brood it will fall to decay, leſs effort and ſolemnity would have ſufficed: it ſerves, however, as an introduction, to various didactic topics belonging to his general ſubject; ſuch as, the mode of rearing a young progeny, the choice of thoſe which are beſt worth preſerving, and the diſcipline

by which they are to be trained, all which are treated in an intereſting manner. The character of the babbling and unſteady hound is well drawn; and the method of curing the propenſity to worrying ſheep forms a natural and humorous picture. Touching on the diſeaſes of dogs, the poet is led to a particular deſcription of that dreadful malady, canine madneſs, in which the contraſted figures of melancholy and fury in the animal ſubject are ſketched with great force. In deſcribing the hydrophobia in the human ſubject he ſeems not equally ſucceſsful; and more knowledge of fact would have enabled him to render the draught more ſtriking, without any mixture of fabulous circumſtances. All this part of the fourth book would ſeem more naturally attached to the firſt,

which treats of introductory matter; but the writer probably reſerved it for this place, in order to break that continuity of hunting-pieces, which might otherwiſe have proved tireſome. The laſt picture of this kind is well diſcriminated from the reſt by a change of ſcene to another element. The chaſe of the otter, though an animal rather mean and inconſiderable, affords ſome very lively and amuſing deſcription. The view of a rivulet, and the various tribes of fiſh by which it is peopled, is truly beautiful; and there are ſome very picturesque touches in the watery landſcape of the otter's retreat. It may be remarked, that though every former chaſe has contained full and rapturous deſcriptions of the "gallant chiding," the muſic of the hound and horn, the poet has been

able in the preſent to repeat it with circumſtances of novelty, that give it ſtriking effect.

The poem concludes with an imitation of VIRGIL's well-known praiſe of a rural life, in the ſecond Georgic. The application, however, is leſs happy than in the original; for the poem of SOMERVILLE being profeſſedly addreſſed to the heirs of great families, as thoſe beſt qualified to enjoy the pleaſures of the chaſe, there exiſts no real oppoſition between them, and the poſſeſſors of opulence and ſplendour. It is true, he has, as much as poſſible, given it the turn of a contraſt between town and country—between the ambitious courtier and the ſportſman; but ſince, in fact, the fox-hunter in the country is often a politician in town,

and hunting-matches are uſually aſſociated with party, the diſtinction is rather apparent than real. Further, the ſports of the hunter are noiſy, tumultuous, attended with parade, and generally ending in conviviality; they ill accord, therefore, with the calm, retired, reflective diſpoſition of the lover of nature and votary of philoſophy. If theſe taſtes were united in SOMERVILLE, it is certain that they are rarely found to be ſo in his brother-ſportſmen. In reality, it is not among them that the admirers even of a poem on the chaſe are to be looked for. This work will chiefly be read by the readers of Engliſh poetry in general; and its chief merit will be to have afforded them a ſource of pleaſing novelty;—to have placed in their view a ſet of lively pictures, which will ſtrike with the appearance of

truth even thoſe who are not practical judges of their ſubjects.

From what has been above remarked, the poetical character of SOMERVILLE will be eaſily deduced. He is ſtrictly and almoſt ſolely a *deſcriptive* poet; and his talent lies in delineating actual ſcenes with fidelity and ſpirit, adorning them with the beauties of diction, but leaving them to act upon the imagination by their own force, without aid from the creations of fancy. In claſſical alluſion he is not deficient, but it is of the more common kind; and little occurs in his writings that indicates a mind inſpired by that exalted enthuſiaſm which denotes the genius of ſuperior rank. His verſification is generally correct and well varied, and evidently

flows from a nice and practiſed ear. His language is well ſuited to his ſubjects, riſing and ſinking with them, and free from that ſtiffneſs and affectation ſo commonly attendant upon blank verſe. It more reſembles that of ARMSTRONG, than of THOMSON or AKENSIDE. Some of his other poems ſhew him to have had a ſtrong perception of the ludicrous; and in this, too, traits of humour are diſcernible. On the whole, SOMERVILLE occupies a reſpectable place among our native poets; and his CHASE is probably the beſt performance upon that topic which any country has produced.

THE

PREFACE.

THE old and infirm have at leaſt this privilege, that they can recal to their minds thoſe ſcenes of joy in which they once delighted, and ruminate over their paſt pleaſures, with a ſatisfaction almoſt equal to the firſt enjoyment. For thoſe ideas, to which any agreeable ſenſation is annexed, are eaſily excited; as leaving behind the moſt ſtrong and permanent impreſſions. The amuſements of our youth are the boaſt and comfort of our declining years. The ancients carried this notion even yet further, and ſuppoſed their heroes in the Elyſian Fields were fond

of the very ſame diverſions they exerciſed on earth. Death itſelf could not wean them from the accuſtomed ſports and gaieties of life.

Pars in gramineis exercent membra palæſtris:
Contendunt ludo, et fulvâ luctantur arenâ:
Pars pedibus plaudunt choreas, et carmina dicunt.
Arma procul curruſque virûm miratur inanes.
Stant terrâ defixæ haſtæ, paſſimque ſoluti
Per campos paſcuntur equi. Quæ gratia currûm
Armorumque fuit vivis, quæ cura nitentes
Paſcere equos, eadem ſequitur tellure repôſtos.

VIRG. Æneid. VI.

Part on the graſſy cirque their pliant limbs
In wreſtling exerciſe, or on the ſands
Struggling diſpute the prize. Part lead the ring,
Or ſwell the chorus with alternate lays.

The chief their arms admires, their empty cars,
Their lances fix'd in earth. Th' unharneſs'd ſteeds
Graze unreſtrain'd; horſes, and cars, and arms,
All the ſame fond deſires, and pleaſing cares,
Still haunt their ſhades, and after death ſurvive.

I hope therefore I may be indulged (even by the more grave and cenſorious part of mankind) if at my leiſure hours I run over, in my elbow-chair, ſome of thoſe chaſes, which were once the delight of a more vigorous age. It is an entertaining, and (as I conceive) a very innocent amuſement. The reſult of theſe rambling imaginations will be found in the following poem; which if equally diverting to my readers, as to myſelf, I ſhall have gained my end. I have intermixed the preceptive parts with ſo many deſcriptions and digreſſions in the Georgic

manner, that I hope they will not be tedious. I am ſure they are very neceſſary to be well underſtood by any gentleman, who would enjoy this noble ſport in full perfection. In this at leaſt I may comfort myſelf, that I cannot treſpaſs upon their patience more than MARKHAM, BLOME, and the other proſe writers upon this ſubject.

It is moſt certain, that hunting was the exerciſe of the greateſt heroes in antiquity. By this they formed themſelves for war; and their exploits againſt wild beaſts were a prelude to their other victories. XENOPHON ſays, that almoſt all the ancient heroes, NESTOR, THESEUS, CASTOR, POLLUX, ULYSSES, DIOMEDES, ACHILLES, &c. were *Μαθηταὶ Κυνηγεσιῶν*, diſciples of hunting; being

taught carefully that art, as what would be highly ſerviceable to them in military diſcipline. XEN. CYNEGETIC. And PLINY obſerves, thoſe who were deſigned for great captains, were firſt taught *certare cum fugacibus feris curſu, cum audacibus robore, cum callidis aſtu*: to conteſt with the ſwifteſt wild beaſts, in ſpeed; with the boldeſt, in ſtrength; with the moſt cunning, in craft and ſubtilty. PLIN. PANEGYR. And the Roman emperors, in thoſe monuments they erected to tranſmit their actions to future ages, made no ſcruple to join the glories of the chaſe to their moſt celebrated triumphs. Neither were their poets wanting to do juſtice to this heroic exerciſe. Beſide that of OPPIAN in Greek, we have ſeveral poems in Latin upon hunting. GRATIUS was contemporary with OVID; as appears by this verſe,

Aptaque venanti GRATIUS *arma dabit.*

Lib. IV. PONT.

GRATIUS ſhall arm the huntſman for the chaſe. But of his works only ſome fragments remain. There are many others of more modern date. Among theſe NEMESIANUS, who ſeems very much ſuperior to GRATIUS, though of a more degenerate age. But only a fragment of his firſt book is preſerved. We might indeed have expected to have ſeen it treated more at large by VIRGIL in his third Georgic, ſince it is expreſsly part of his ſubject. But he has favoured us only with ten verſes; and what he ſays of dogs, relates wholly to greyhounds and maſtiffs.

Veloces Spartæ catulos, acremque Moloſſum.

GEOR. III.

The greyhound ſwift, and maſtiff's furious breed.

And he directs us to feed them with butter-milk. *Pasce sero pingui.* He has, it is true, touched upon the chase in the fourth and seventh books of the Æneid. But it is evident, that the art of hunting is very different now, from what it was in his days, and very much altered and improved in these latter ages. It does not appear to me that the ancients had any notion of pursuing wild beasts by the scent only, with a regular and well-disciplined pack of hounds; and therefore they must have passed for poachers amongst our modern sportsmen. The muster-roll given us by OVID, in his story of ACTÆON, is of all sorts of dogs, and of all countries. And the description of the ancient hunting, as we find it in the antiquities of Pere de MONTFAUCON taken from the Sepulchre of

the NASOS, and the Arch of CONSTANTINE, has not the leaſt trace of the manner now in uſe.

Whenever the ancients mention dogs following by the ſcent, they mean no more than finding out the game by the neſe of one ſingle dog. This was as much as they knew of the *odora canum vis*. Thus NEMESIANUS ſays,

Odorato noſcunt veſtigia prato,
Atque etiam leporum ſecreta cubilia monſtrant.
They challenge on the mead the recent ſtains,
And trail the hare unto her ſecret form.

OPPIAN has a long deſcription of theſe dogs in his firſt book, from verſe 479 to 526. And here, though he ſeems to deſcribe the hunting of the hare by the ſcent through many turnings and

windings; yet he really ſays no more than that one of thoſe hounds, which he calls ἰχνευτῆρας, finds out the game. For he follows the ſcent no further than the hare's form; from whence, after he has ſtarted her, he purſues her by ſight. I am indebted for theſe two laſt remarks to a reverend and very learned gentleman, whoſe judgment in the *belles lettres* nobody diſputes, and whoſe approbation gave me the aſſurance to publiſh this poem.

OPPIAN alſo obſerves, that the beſt ſort of theſe finders were brought from Britain; this iſland having always been famous (as it is at this day) for the beſt breed of hounds, for perſons the beſt ſkilled in the art of hunting, and for horſes the moſt enduring to follow the chaſe. It is therefore

ſtrange that none of our poets have yet thought it worth their while to treat of this ſubject; which is, without doubt, very noble in itſelf, and very well adapted to receive the moſt beautiful turns of poetry. Perhaps our poets have no great genius for hunting. Yet I hope, my brethren of the couples, by encouraging this firſt, but imperfect eſſay, will ſhew the world they have at leaſt ſome taſte for poetry.

The ancients eſteemed hunting, not only as a manly and warlike exerciſe, but as highly conducive to health. The famous GALEN recommends it above all others, as not only exerciſing the body, but giving delight and entertainment to the mind. And he calls the inventors of this art wiſe

men, and well-ſkilled in human nature. *Lib. de parvæ pilæ exercitio.*

The gentlemen, who are fond of a jingle at the cloſe of every verſe, and think no poem truly muſical but what is in rhyme, will here find themſelves diſappointed. If they be pleaſed to read over the ſhort preface before the PARADISE LOST, Mr. SMITH's Poem in memory of his friend, Mr. JOHN PHILIPS, and the Archbiſhop of CAMBRAY's Letter to Monſieur FONTENELLE, they may probably be of another opinion. For my own part, I ſhall not be aſhamed to follow the example of MILTON, PHILIPS, THOMSON, and all our beſt tragic writers.

Some few terms of art are diſperſed here and there; but ſuch only as are abſolutely requiſite to explain my ſubject. I hope in this the critics will excuſe me; for I am humbly of opinion, that the affectation, and not the neceſſary uſe, is the proper object of their cenſure.

But I have done. I know the impatience of my brethren, when a fine day, and the concert of the kennel, invite them abroad. I ſhall therefore leave my reader to ſuch diverſion as he may find in the poem itſelf.

En age, ſegnes,
Rumpe moras; vocat ingenti clamore Cithæron,
Taygetique canes, domitrixque Epidaurus equorum;
Et vox aſſenſu nemorum ingeminata remugit.

VIRG. Georg. III.

Hark, away,
Caſt far behind the ling'ring cares of life.
CITHÆRON calls aloud, and in full cry
Thy hounds, TAYGETUS. EPIDAURUS trains
For us the gen'rous ſteed; the hunter's ſhouts,
And cheering cries, aſſenting woods return.

THE

FIRST BOOK

OF

THE CHASE.

ARGUMENT.

The ſubject propoſed. Addreſs to his Royal Highneſs the Prince. The origin of hunting. The rude and unpoliſhed manner of the firſt hunters. Beaſts at firſt hunted for food and ſacrifice. The grant made by GOD to man of the beaſts, &c. The regular manner of hunting firſt brought into this iſland by the NORMANS. The beſt hounds and beſt horſes bred here. The advantage of this exerciſe to us, as iſlanders. Addreſs to gentlemen of eſtates. Situation of the kennel and its ſeveral courts. The diverſion and employment of hounds in the kennel. The different ſorts of hounds for each different chaſe. Deſcription of a perfect hound. Of ſizing and ſorting of hounds; the middle-ſized hound recommended. Of the large deep-mouthed hound for hunting the ſtag and otter. Of the lime-hound; their uſe on the borders of ENGLAND and SCOTLAND. A phyſical account of ſcents. Of good and bad ſcenting days. A ſhort admonition to my brethren of the couples.

THE

CHASE.

BOOK I.

THE CHASE I ſing, Hounds, and their various breed,
And no leſs various uſe. O thou Great Prince!
Whom CAMBRIA's tow'ring hills proclaim their lord,
Deign thou to hear my bold, inſtructive ſong.
While grateful citizens with pompous ſhew,
Rear the triumphal arch, rich with th' exploits

Of thy illuſtrious houſe; while virgins pave
Thy way with flow'rs, and, as the Royal Youth
Paſſing they view, admire, and ſigh in vain;
While crowded theatres, too fondly proud
Of their exotic minſtrels, and ſhrill pipes,
The price of manhood, hail thee with a ſong,
And airs ſoft-warbling; my hoarſe-ſounding horn
Invites thee to the chaſe, the ſport of kings;
Image of war, without its guilt. The Muſe
Aloft on wing ſhall ſoar, conduct with care
Thy foaming courſer o'er the ſteepy rock,
Or on the river bank receive thee ſafe,
Light-bounding o'er the wave, from ſhore to ſhore.
Be thou our great protector, gracious Youth!
And if in future times, ſome envious prince,
Careleſs of right and guileful, ſhou'd invade

Drawn by T. Stothard R.A. Engraved by J. Neagle

Nature, in her Productions slow, aspires
By just Degrees to reach Perfection's Height.

Published August 1st 1796. by Cadell and Davies Strand.

Thy BRITAIN's commerce, or ſhou'd ſtrive in vain
To wreſt the balance from thy equal hand;
Thy Hunter-train, in cheerful green array'd,
(A band undaunted, and inur'd to toils)
Shall compaſs thee around, die at thy feet,
Or hew thy paſſage thro' th' embattled foe,
And clear thy way to fame; inſpir'd by thee
The nobler chaſe of glory ſhall purſue
Thro' fire, and ſmoke, and blood, and fields of death.

NATURE, in her productions ſlow, aſpires
By juſt degrees to reach Perfection's height:
So mimic Art works leiſurely, till Time
Improve the piece, or wiſe Experience give
The proper finiſhing. When NIMROD bold,
That mighty hunter, firſt made war on beaſts,

And ſtain'd the woodland green with purple dye,
New, and unpoliſh'd was the huntſman's art;
No ſtated rule, his wanton will his guide.
With clubs and ſtones, rude implements of war,
He arm'd his ſavage bands, a multitude
Untrain'd; of twining oſiers form'd, they pitch
Their artleſs toils, then range the deſert hills,
And ſcour the plains below; the trembling herd
Start at th' unuſual ſound, and clam'rous ſhout
Unheard before; ſurpris'd, alas! to find
Man now their foe, whom erſt they deem'd their lord,
But mild and gentle, and by whom as yet
Secure they graz'd. Death ſtretches o'er the plain
Wide-waſting, and grim ſlaughter red with blood:
Urg'd on by hunger keen, they wound, they kill,
Their rage licentious knows no bound; at laſt

Incumber'd with their ſpoils, joyful they bear
Upon their ſhoulders broad, the bleeding prey.
Part on their altars ſmokes a ſacrifice
To that all-gracious Pow'r, whoſe bounteous hand
Supports his wide creation; what remains
On living coals they broil, inelegant
Of taſte, nor ſkill'd as yet in nicer arts
Of pamper'd luxury. Devotion pure,
And ſtrong neceſſity, thus firſt began
The chaſe of beaſts: tho' bloody was the deed,
Yet without guilt. For the green herb alone
Unequal to ſuſtain man's lab'ring race,
Now ev'ry moving thing that liv'd on earth
Was granted him for food. So juſt is Heav'n,
To give us in proportion to our wants.

Or chance or induſtry in after-times
Some few improvements made, but ſhort as yet
Of due perfection. In this iſle remote
Our painted anceſtors were ſlow to learn,
To arms devote, of the politer arts
Nor ſkill'd nor ſtudious; till from NEUSTRIA's coaſts
Victorious WILLIAM, to more decent rules
Subdu'd our SAXON fathers, taught to ſpeak
The proper dialect, with horn and voice
To cheer the buſy hound, whoſe well-known cry
His liſt'ning peers approve with joint acclaim.
From him ſucceſſive huntſmen learn'd to join
In bloody ſocial leagues, the multitude
Diſpers'd, to ſize, to ſort their various tribes,
To rear, feed, hunt, and diſcipline the pack.

Hail, happy BRITAIN! highly favor'd iſle,
And Heav'n's peculiar care! To thee 'tis giv'n
To train the ſprightly ſteed, more fleet than thoſe
Begot by winds, or the celeſtial breed
That bore the great PELIDES thro' the preſs
Of heroes arm'd, and broke their crowded ranks;
Which proudly neighing, with the ſun begins
Cheerful his courſe; and ere his beams decline,
Has meaſur'd half thy ſurface unfatigu'd.
In thee alone, fair land of liberty!
Is bred the perfect hound, in ſcent and ſpeed
As yet unrivall'd, while in other climes
Their virtue fails, a weak degenerate race.
In vain malignant ſteams and winter fogs
Load the dull air, and hover round our coaſts,
The huntſman ever gay, robuſt, and bold,

Defies the noxious vapour, and confides
In this delightful exerciſe, to raiſe
His drooping head and cheer his heart with joy.

Ye vig'rous youths, by ſmiling Fortune bleſt
With large demeſnes, hereditary wealth,
Heap'd copious by your wiſe forefathers' care,
Hear and attend! while I the means reveal
T' enjoy thoſe pleaſures, for the weak too ſtrong,
Too coſtly for the poor: to rein the ſteed
Swift-ſtretching o'er the plain, to cheer the pack
Op'ning in concerts of harmonious joy,
But breathing death. What tho' the gripe ſevere
Of brazen-fiſted Time, and ſlow diſeaſe
Creeping thro' ev'ry vein, and nerve unſtrung,
Afflict my ſhatter'd frame, undaunted ſtill,

Fix'd as the mountain aſh, that braves the bolts
Of angry Jove! tho' blaſted, yet unfallen;
Still can my ſoul in Fancy's mirror view
Deeds glorious once, recall the joyous ſcene
In all its ſplendors deck'd, o'er the full bowl
Recount my triumphs paſt, urge others on
With hand and voice, and point the winding way:
Pleas'd with that ſocial ſweet garrulity,
The poor diſbanded vet'ran's ſole delight.

Firſt let the Kennel be the huntſman's care,
Upon ſome little eminence erect,
And fronting to the ruddy dawn; its courts
On either hand wide op'ning to receive
The ſun's all-cheering beams, when mild he ſhines,
And gilds the mountain tops. For much the pack

(Rous'd from their dark alcoves) delight to ſtretch,
And baſk, in his invigorating ray:
Warn'd by the ſtreaming light, and merry lark,
Forth ruſh the jolly clan; with tuneful throats
They carol loud, and in grand chorus join'd
Salute the new-born day. For not alone
The vegetable world, but men and brutes
Own his reviving influence, and joy
At his approach. Fountain of light! if chance
Some envious cloud veil thy refulgent brow,
In vain the Muſes aid, untouch'd, unſtrung,
Lies my mute harp, and thy deſponding bard
Sits darkly muſing o'er th' unfiniſh'd lay.

Let no CORINTHIAN pillars prop the dome,
A vain expence, on charitable deeds

Better diſpos'd, to clothe the tatter'd wretch,
Who ſhrinks beneath the blaſt, to feed the poor
Pinch'd with afflictive want: For uſe, not ſtate,
Gracefully plain, let each apartment riſe.
O'er all let cleanlineſs preſide, no ſcraps
Beſtrew the pavement, and no half-pick'd bones,
To kindle fierce debate, or to diſguſt
That nicer ſenſe, on which the ſportſman's hope,
And all his future triumphs muſt depend.
Soon as the growling pack with eager joy
Have lapp'd their ſmoking viands, morn or eve,
From the full ciſtern lead the ductile ſtreams,
To waſh thy court well-pav'd, nor ſpare thy pains,
For much to health will cleanlineſs avail.
Seek'ſt thou for hounds to climb the rocky ſteep,
And bruſh th'entangled covert, whoſe nice ſcent

O'er greaſy fallows, and frequented roads
Can pick the dubious way? Baniſh far off
Each noiſome ſtench, let no offenſive ſmell
Invade thy wide incloſure, but admit
The nitrous air, and purifying breeze.

Water and ſhade no leſs demand thy care:
In a large ſquare th' adjacent field incloſe,
There plant in equal ranks the ſpreading elm,
Or fragrant lime; moſt happy thy deſign,
If at the bottom of thy ſpacious court,
A large canal fed by the cryſtal brook,
From its tranſparent boſom ſhall reflect
Downward thy ſtructure and inverted grove.
Here when the ſun's too potent gleams annoy
The crowded kennel, and the drooping pack

Reſtleſs and faint, loll their unmoiſten'd tongues,
And drop their feeble tails; to cooler ſhades
Lead forth the panting tribe; ſoon ſhalt thou find
The cordial breeze their fainting hearts revive:
Tumultuous ſoon they plunge into the ſtream,
There lave their reeking ſides, with greedy joy
Gulp down the flying wave, this way and that
From ſhore to ſhore they ſwim, while clamour loud
And wild uproar torments the troubled flood:
Then on the ſunny bank they roll and ſtretch
Their dripping limbs, or elſe in wanton rings
Courſing around, purſuing and purſu'd,
The merry multitude diſporting play.

But here with watchful and obſervant eye
Attend their frolics, which too often end

In bloody broils and death. High o'er thy head
Wave thy reſounding whip, and with a voice
Fierce-menacing o'er-rule the ſtern debate,
And quench their kindling rage; for oft in ſport
Begun, combat enſues, growling they ſnarl,
Then on their haunches rear'd, rampant they ſeize
Each other's throats, with teeth and claws in gore
Beſmear'd, they wound, they tear, till on the ground
Panting, half dead the conquer'd champion lies:
Then ſudden all the baſe ignoble crowd
Loud-clam'ring, ſeize the helpleſs worried wretch,
And thirſting for his blood, drag diff'rent ways
His mangled carcaſe on th' enſanguin'd plain.
O breaſts of pity void! t' oppreſs the weak,
To point your vengeance at the friendleſs head,
And with one mutual cry inſult the fall'n!
Emblem too juſt of man's degen'rate race.

Others apart by native inſtinct led,
Knowing inſtructor! 'mong the ranker graſs
Cull each ſalubrious plant, with bitter juice
Concoctive ſtor'd, and potent to allay
Each vicious ferment. Thus the hand divine
Of Providence, beneficent and kind
To all his creatures, for the brutes preſcribes
A ready remedy, and is himſelf
Their great phyſician. Now grown ſtiff with age,
And many a painful chaſe, the wiſe old hound
Regardleſs of the frolic pack, attends
His maſter's ſide, or ſlumbers at his eaſe
Beneath the bending ſhade; there many a ring
Runs o'er in dreams; now on the doubtful foil
Puzzles perplex'd, or doubles intricate
Cautious unfolds, then wing'd with all his ſpeed,

Bounds o'er the lawn to ſeize his panting prey:
And in imperfect whimp'ring ſpeaks his joy.

A diff'rent hound for ev'ry diff'rent chaſe
Select with judgment; nor the tim'rous hare
O'ermatch'd deſtroy, but leave that vile offence
To the mean, murd'rous, courſing crew; intent
On blood and ſpoil. Oh blaſt their hopes, juſt Heav'n!
And all their painful drudgeries repay
With diſappointment and ſevere remorſe.
But huſband thou thy pleaſures, and give ſcope
To all her ſubtle play: by nature led
A thouſand ſhifts ſhe tries; t' unravel theſe
Th' induſtrious beagle twiſts his waving tail,
Thro' all her labyrinths purſues, and rings

Her doleful knell. See there with count'nance blith,
And with a courtly grin, the fawning hound
Salutes thee cow'ring, his wide op'ning noſe
Upward he curls, and his large ſloe-black eyes
Melt in ſoft blandiſhments, and humble joy;
His gloſſy ſkin, or yellow-pied, or blue,
In lights or ſhades by Nature's pencil drawn,
Reflects the various tints; his ears and legs
Fleckt here and there, in gay enamell'd pride
Rival the ſpeckled pard; his ruſh-grown tail
O'er his broad back bends in an ample arch;
On ſhoulders clean upright and firm he ſtands;
His round cat foot, ſtrait hams and wide-ſpread thighs,
And his low-dropping cheſt, confeſs his ſpeed,
His ſtrength, his wind, or on the ſteepy hill,
Or far-extended plain; in ev'ry part

So well proportion'd, that the nicer ſkill
Of PHIDIAS himſelf can't blame thy choice.
Of ſuch compoſe thy pack. But here a mean
Obſerve, nor the large hound prefer, of ſize
Gigantic; he in the thick-woven covert
Painfully tugs, or in the thorny brake
Torn and embarraſs'd bleeds: but if too ſmall,
The pigmy brood in every furrow ſwims;
Moil'd in the clogging clay, panting they lag
Behind inglorious; or elſe ſhivering creep
Benumb'd and faint beneath the ſhelt'ring thorn.
For hounds of middle ſize, active and ſtrong,
Will better anſwer all thy various ends,
And crown thy pleaſing labours with ſucceſs.

As ſome brave captain, curious and exact,
By his fix'd ſtandard forms in equal ranks

His gay battalion, as one man they move
Step after ſtep, their ſize the ſame, their arms
Far gleaming, dart the ſame united blaze:
Reviewing generals his merit own;
How regular! how juſt! and all his cares
Are well repaid, if mighty GEORGE approve.
So model thou thy pack, if honour touch
Thy gen'rous ſoul, and the world's juſt applauſe.
But above all take heed, nor mix thy hounds
Of diff'rent kinds; diſcordant ſounds ſhall grate
Thy ears offended, and a lagging line
Of babbling curs diſgrace thy broken pack.
But if th' amphibious otter be thy chaſe,
Or ſtately ſtag, that o'er the woodland reigns;
Or if th' harmonious thunder of the field
Delight thy raviſh'd ears; the deep-flew'd hound

Breed up with care, ſtrong, heavy, ſlow, but ſure,
Whoſe ears down-hanging from his thick round head
Shall ſweep the morning dew, whoſe clanging voice
Awake the mountain echo in her cell,
And ſhake the foreſts: the bold talbot kind
Of theſe the prime, as white as ALPINE ſnows;
And great their uſe of old. Upon the banks
Of TWEED, ſlow winding thro' the vale, the ſeat
Of war and rapine once, ere BRITONS knew
The ſweets of peace, or ANNA's dread commands
To laſting leagues the haughty rivals aw'd,
There dwelt a pilf'ring race; well train'd and ſkill'd
In all the myſteries of theft, the ſpoil
Their only ſubſtance, feuds and war their ſport:
Not more expert in ev'ry fraudful art
Th' arch-felon was of old, who by the tail

Drew back his lowing prize: in vain his wiles,
In vain the ſhelter of the cov'ring rock,
In vain the ſooty cloud, and ruddy flames
That iſſu'd from his mouth; for ſoon he paid
His forfeit life; a debt how juſtly due
To wrong'd ALCIDES, and avenging Heav'n!
Veil'd in the ſhades of night they ford the ſtream,
Then prowling far and near, whate'er they ſeize
Becomes their prey; nor flocks nor herds are ſafe,
Nor ſtalls protect the ſteer, nor ſtrong-barr'd doors
Secure the fav'rite horſe. Soon as the morn
Reveals his wrongs, with ghaſtly viſage wan
The plunder'd owner ſtands, and from his lips
A thouſand thronging curſes burſt their way:
He calls his ſtout allies, and in a line
His faithful hound he loads, then with a voice

That utters loud his rage, attentive cheers:
Soon the ſagacious brute, his curling tail
Flouriſh'd in air, low bending plies around
His buſy noſe, the ſteaming vapour ſnuffs
Inquiſitive, nor leaves one turf untried,
Till conſcious of the recent ſtains his heart
Beats quick; his ſnuffling noſe, his active tail
Atteſt his joy: then with deep op'ning mouth
That makes the welkin tremble, he proclaims
Th' audacious felon; foot by foot he marks
His winding way, while all the liſt'ning crowd
Applaud his reas'nings. O'er the wat'ry ford,
Dry ſandy heaths, and ſtony barren hills,
O'er beaten paths, with men and beaſts diſtain'd,
Unerring he purſues; till at the cot
Arriv'd, and ſeizing by his guilty throat

Drawn by T. Stothard R.A. Engraved by J. Heath

——— And seizing by his guilty Throat
The Caitif vile,

Published August 1st 1796, by Cadell and Davies Strand.

The caitiff vile, redeems the captive prey:
So exquiſitely delicate his ſenſe!

Should ſome more curious ſportſman here inquire,
Whence this ſagacity, this wond'rous pow'r
Of tracing ſtep by ſtep, or man or brute?
What guide inviſible points out their way,
O'er the dank marſh, bleak hill, and ſandy plain?
The courteous Muſe ſhall the dark cauſe reveal.
The blood that from the heart inceſſant rolls
In many a crimſon tide, then here and there
In ſmaller rills diſparted, as it flows
Propell'd, the ſerous particles evade
Thro' th' open pores, and with the ambient air
Entangling mix. As fuming vapours riſe,
And hang upon the gently purling brook,

There by th' incumbent atmoſphere compreſs'd.
The panting chaſe grows warmer as he flies,
And thro' the net-work of the ſkin perſpires;
Leaves a long-ſteaming trail behind, which by
The cooler air condens'd, remains, unleſs
By ſome rude ſtorm diſpers'd, or rarefied
By the meridian ſun's intenſer heat.
To ev'ry ſhrub the warm effluvia cling,
Hang on the graſs, impregnate earth and ſkies.
With noſtrils op'ning wide, o'er hill, o'er dale,
The vig'rous hounds purſue, with ev'ry breath
Inhale the grateful ſteam, quick pleaſures ſting
Their tingling nerves, while they their thanks repay,
And in triumphant melody confeſs
The titillating joy. Thus on the air
Depend the hunter's hopes. When ruddy ſtreaks

At eve forebode a bluſt'ring ſtormy day,
Or low'ring clouds blacken the mountain's brow,
When nipping froſts, and the keen biting blaſts
Of the dry parching eaſt, menace the trees
With tender bloſſoms teeming, kindly ſpare
Thy ſleeping pack, in their warm beds of ſtraw
Low-ſinking at their eaſe; liſtleſs they ſhrink
Into ſome dark receſs, nor hear thy voice
Tho' oft invok'd; or haply if thy call
Rouſe up the ſlumb'ring tribe, with heavy eyes
Glaz'd, lifeleſs, dull, downward they drop their tails
Inverted; high on their bent backs erect
Their pointed briſtles ſtare, or 'mong the tufts
Of ranker weeds, each ſtomach-healing plant
Curious they crop, ſick, ſpiritleſs, forlorn.
Theſe inauſpicious days, on other cares

Employ thy precious hours; th' improving friend
With open arms embrace, and from his lips
Glean ſcience, ſeaſon'd with good-natur'd wit.
But if th' inclement ſkies and angry JOVE
Forbid the pleaſing intercourſe, thy books
Invite thy ready hand, each ſacred page
Rich with the wiſe remarks of heroes old.
Converſe familiar with th' illuſtrious dead;
With great examples of old GREECE or ROME
Enlarge thy free-born heart, and bleſs kind Heav'n,
That BRITAIN yet enjoys dear Liberty,
That balm of life, that ſweeteſt bleſſing, cheap
Tho' purchas'd with our blood. Well-bred, polite,
Credit thy calling. See! how mean, how low,
The bookleſs ſauntring youth, proud of the ſkut
That dignifies his cap, his flouriſh'd belt,

And ruſty couples gingling by his ſide.
Be thou of other mold; and know that ſuch
Tranſporting pleaſures were by Heav'n ordain'd
Wiſdom's relief, and Virtue's great reward.

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

THE

SECOND BOOK

OF

THE CHASE.

ARGUMENT.

Of the power of inſtinct in brutes. Two remarkable inſtances in the hunting of the roebuck, and in the hare going to ſeat in the morning. Of the variety of ſeats or forms of the hare, according to the change of the ſeaſon, weather, or wind. Deſcription of the hare-hunting in all its parts, interſperſed with rules to be obſerved by thoſe who follow that chaſe. Tranſition to the ASIATIC way of hunting, particularly the magnificent manner of the Great Mogul, and other TARTARIAN princes, taken from Monſieur BERNIER, and the hiſtory of GENGISKAN the Great. Concludes with a ſhort reproof of tyrants and oppreſſors of mankind.

THE

CHASE.

BOOK II.

NOR will it leſs delight th' attentive ſage
T' obſerve that inſtinct, which unerring guides
The brutal race, which mimics reaſon's lore
And oft tranſcends: Heav'n-taught the roe-buck ſwift
Loiters at eaſe before the driving pack,
And mocks their vain purſuit, nor far he flies
But checks his ardour, till the ſteaming ſcent

That freſhens on the blade, provokes their rage.
Urg'd to their ſpeed, his weak deluded foes
Soon flag fatigued ; ſtrain'd to exceſs each nerve,
Each ſlacken'd ſinew fails ; they pant, they foam ;
Then o'er the lawn he bounds, o'er the high hills
Stretches ſecure, and leaves the ſcatter'd crowd
To puzzle in the diſtant vale below.

'Tis inſtinct that directs the jealous hare
To chooſe her ſoft abode : with ſtep revers'd
She forms the doubling maze ; then, ere the morn
Peeps thro' the clouds, leaps to her cloſe receſs.

As wand'ring ſhepherds on th' ARABIAN plains
No ſettled reſidence obſerve, but ſhift
Their moving camp, now, on ſome cooler hill

With cedars crown'd, court the refreſhing breeze;
And then, below, where trickling ſtreams diſtil
From ſome penurious ſource, their thirſt allay,
And feed their fainting flocks: ſo the wiſe hares
Oft quit their ſeats, leſt ſome more curious eye
Should mark their haunts, and by dark treach'rous wiles
Plot their deſtruction; or perhance in hopes
Of plenteous forage, near the ranker mead,
Or matted blade, wary, and cloſe they ſit.
When Spring ſhines forth, ſeaſon of love and joy,
In the moiſt marſh, 'mong beds of ruſhes hid,
They cool their boiling blood: when Summer ſuns
Bake the cleft earth, to thick wide-waving fields
Of corn full-grown, they lead their helpleſs young:
But when Autumnal torrents, and fierce rains
Deluge the vale, in the dry crumbling bank

Their forms they delve, and cautiouſly avoid
The dripping covert; yet when Winter's cold
Their limbs benumbs, thither with ſpeed return'd
In the long graſs they ſkulk, or ſhrinking creep
Among the whither'd leaves, thus changing ſtill,
As fancy prompts them, or as food invites.
But ev'ry ſeaſon carefully obſerv'd,
Th' inconſtant winds, the fickle element,
The wiſe experienc'd huntſman ſoon may find
His ſubtle, various game, nor waſte in vain
His tedious hours, till his impatient hounds
With diſappointment vex'd, each ſpringing lark
Babbling purſue, far ſcatter'd o'er the fields.

Now golden Autumn from her open lap
Her fragrant bounties ſhow'rs; the fields are ſhorn;

Inwardly ſmiling, the proud farmer views
The riſing pyramids that grace his yard,
And counts his large increaſe; his barns are ſtor'd,
And groaning ſtaddles bend beneath their load.
All now is free as air, and the gay pack
In the rough briſtly ſtubbles range unblam'd;
No widow's tears o'erflow, no ſecret curſe
Swells in the farmer's breaſt, which his pale lips
Trembling conceal, by his fierce landlord aw'd:
But courteous now he levels ev'ry fence,
Joins in the common cry, and halloos loud,
Charm'd with the rattling thunder of the field.
Oh bear me, ſome kind Pow'r inviſible!
To that extended lawn, where the gay court
View the ſwift racers, ſtretching to the goal;
Games more renown'd, and a far nobler train,

Than proud ELEAN fields could boaſt of old.
Oh! were a THEBAN lyre not wanting here,
And PINDAR's voice, to do their merit right!
Or to thoſe ſpacious plains, where the ſtrain'd eye
In the wide proſpect loſt, beholds at laſt
SARUM's proud ſpire, that o'er the hills aſcends,
And pierces thro' the clouds. Or to thy downs,
Fair COTSWOLD, where the well-breath'd beagle climbs,
With matchleſs ſpeed, thy green aſpiring brow,
And leaves the lagging multitude behind.

Hail, gentle Dawn! mild bluſhing goddeſs, hail!
Rejoic'd I ſee thy purple mantle ſpread
O'er half the ſkies, gems pave thy radiant way,
And orient pearls from ev'ry ſhrub depend.
Farewell, CLEORA; here deep ſunk in down

Slumber ſecure, with happy dreams amus'd,
Till grateful ſteams ſhall tempt thee to receive
Thy early meal, or thy officious maids,
The toilet plac'd, ſhall urge thee to perform
Th' important work. Me other joys invite,
The horn ſonorous calls, the pack awak'd
Their mattins chant, nor brook my long delay.
My courſer hears their voice; ſee there with ears
And tail erect, neighing he paws the ground;
Fierce rapture kindles in his red'ning eyes,
And boils in ev'ry vein. As captive boys
Cow'd by the ruling rod, and haughty frowns
Of pedagogues ſevere, from their hard taſks,
If once diſmiſs'd, no limits can contain
The tumult rais'd within their little breaſts,
But give a looſe to all their frolic play:

So from their kennel ruſh the joyous pack;
A thouſand wanton gaieties expreſs
Their inward ecſtaſy, their pleaſing ſport
Once more indulg'd, and liberty reſtor'd.
The riſing ſun that o'er th' horizon peeps,
As many colours from their gloſſy ſkins
Beaming reflects, as paint the various bow
When April ſhow'rs deſcend. Delightful ſcene!
Where all around is gay, men, horſes, dogs,
And in each ſmiling countenance appears
Freſh-blooming health, and univerſal joy.

Huntſman. lead on! behind the cluſt'ring pack
Submiſs attend, hear with reſpect thy whip
Loud-clanging, and thy harſher voice obey:
Spare not the ſtraggling cur, that wildly roves;

But let thy briſk aſſiſtant on his back
Imprint thy juſt reſentments; let each laſh
Bite to the quick, till howling he return
And whining creep amid the trembling crowd.

Here on this verdant ſpot, where Nature kind,
With double bleſſings crowns the farmer's hopes;
Where flowers autumnal ſpring, and the rank mead
Affords the wand'ring hares a rich repaſt,
Throw off thy ready pack. See, where they ſpread
And range around, and daſh the glittering dew.
If ſome ſtanch hound, with his authentic voice,
Avow the recent trail, the juſtling tribe
Attend his call, then with one mutual cry
The welcome news confirm, and echoing hills
Repeat the pleaſing tale. See how they thread

The brakes, and up yon furrow drive along!
But quick they back recoil, and wifely check
Their eager haſte; then o'er the fallow'd ground
How leiſurely they work, and many a pauſe
Th' harmonious concert breaks; till more aſſur'd
With joy redoubled the low vallies ring.
What artful labyrinths perplex their way!
Ah! there ſhe lies! how cloſe! ſhe pants, ſhe doubts
If now ſhe lives; ſhe trembles as ſhe ſits,
With horror ſeiz'd. The wither'd graſs that clings
Around her head, of the ſame ruſſet hue,
Almoſt deceiv'd my ſight, had not her eyes
With life full-beaming her vain wiles betray'd.
At diſtance draw thy pack, let all be huſh'd,
No clamour loud, no frantic joy be heard,
Leſt the wild hound run gadding o'er the plain

Untractable, nor hear thy chiding voice.
Now gently put her off; ſee how direct
To her known Muſe ſhe flies! Here, huntſman, bring
(But without hurry) all thy jolly hounds,
And calmly lay them in. How low they ſtoop,
And ſeem to plough the ground! then all at once
With greedy noſtrils ſnuff the fuming ſteam
That glads their flutt'ring hearts. As winds let looſe
From the dark caverns of the bluſt'ring god,
They burſt away, and ſweep the dewy lawn.
Hope gives them wings while ſhe's ſpurr'd on by fear.
The welkin rings, men, dogs, hills, rocks, and woods
In the full concert join. Now, my brave youths,
Stript for the chaſe, give all your ſouls to joy!
See how their courſers, than the mountain roe
More fleet, the verdant carpet ſkim, thick clouds

Snorting they breathe, their ſhining hoofs ſcarce print
The graſs unbruis'd; with emulation fir'd
They ſtrain to lead the field, top the barr'd gate,
O'er the deep ditch exulting bound, and bruſh
The thorny-twining hedge: the riders bend
O'er their arch'd necks; with ſteady hands, by turns
Indulge their ſpeed, or moderate their rage.
Where are their ſorrows, diſappointments, wrongs,
Vexations, ſickneſs, cares? All, all are gone,
And with the panting winds lag far behind.

Huntſman! her gait obſerve, if in wide rings
She wheel her mazy way, in the ſame round
Perſiſting ſtill, ſhe'll foil the beaten track.
But if ſhe fly, and with the fav'ring wind
Urge her bold courſe; leſs intricate thy taſk:

Puſh on thy pack. Like ſome poor exil'd wretch
The frighted chaſe leaves her late dear abodes,
O'er plains remote ſhe ſtretches far away,
Ah! never to return! for greedy Death
Hov'ring exults, ſecure to ſeize his prey.

Hark! from yon covert, where thoſe tow'ring oaks
Above the humble copſe aſpiring riſe,
What glorious triumphs burſt in ev'ry gale
Upon our raviſh'd ears! The hunters ſhout,
The clanging horns ſwell their ſweet-winding notes,
The pack wide-op'ning load the trembling air
With various melody; from tree to tree
The propagated cry redoubling bounds,
And winged zephyrs waft the floating joy
Thro' all the regions near: afflictive birch

No more the ſchool-boy dreads, his priſon broke,
Scamp'ring he flies, nor heeds his maſter's call;
The weary traveller forgets his road,
And climbs th' adjacent hill; the ploughman leaves
Th' unfiniſh'd furrow; nor his bleating flocks
Are now the ſhepherd's joy; men, boys, and girls
Deſert th' unpeopled village; and wild crowds
Spread o'er the plain, by the ſweet frenzy ſeiz'd.
Look, how ſhe pants! and o'er yon op'ning glade
Slips glancing by; while, at the further end,
The puzzling pack unravel wile by wile,
Maze within maze. The covert's utmoſt bound
Slily ſhe ſkirts; behind them cautious creeps,
And in that very track, ſo lately ſtain'd
By all the ſteaming crowd, ſeems to purſue
The foe ſhe flies. Let cavillers deny

That brutes have reaſon; ſure 'tis ſomething more,
'Tis Heav'n directs, and ſtratagems inſpire,
Beyond the ſhort extent of human thought.
But hold——I ſee her from the covert break;
Sad on yon little eminence ſhe ſits;
Intent ſhe liſtens with one ear erect,
Pond'ring, and doubtful what new courſe to take,
And how t' eſcape the fierce blood-thirſty crew,
That ſtill urge on, and ſtill in vollies loud,
Inſult her woes, and mock her ſore diſtreſs.
As now in louder peals the loaded winds
Bring on the gath'ring ſtorm, her fears prevail;
And o'er the plain, and o'er the mountain's ridge,
Away ſhe flies; nor ſhips with wind and tide,
And all their canvaſs wings ſcud half ſo faſt.
Once more, ye jovial train, your courage try,

And each clean courſer's ſpeed. We ſcour along,
In pleaſing hurry and confuſion toſt;
Oblivion to be wiſh'd. The patient pack
Hang on the ſcent unweary'd; up they climb,
And ardent we purſue; our lab'ring ſteeds
We preſs, we gore; till once the ſummit gain'd,
Painfully panting, there we breathe a-while;
Then like a foaming torrent, pouring down
Precipitant, we ſmoke along the vale.
Happy the man, who with unrivall'd ſpeed
Can paſs his fellows, and with pleaſure view
The ſtruggling pack; how in the rapid courſe
Alternate they preſide, and juſtling puſh
To guide the dubious ſcent; how giddy youth
Oft babbling errs, by wiſer age reprov'd;
How, niggard of his ſtrength, the wiſe old hound

Hangs in the rear, till ſome important point
Rouſe all his diligence, or till the chaſe
Sinking he finds; then to the head he ſprings,
With thirſt of glory fir'd, and wins the prize.
Huntſman, take heed; they ſtop in full career.
Yon crowding flocks, that at a diſtance graze,
Have haply foil'd the turf. See that old hound!
How buſily he works, but dares not truſt
His doubtful ſenſe; draw yet a wider ring.
Hark! now again the chorus fills. As bells
Sally'd a while at once their peal renew,
And high in air the tuneful thunder rolls.
See, how they toſs, with animated rage
Recov'ring all they loſt!—That eager haſte
Some doubling wile foreſhews.—Ah! yet once more
They're check'd—hold back with ſpeed—on either hand

They flouriſh round—ev'n yet perſiſt—'Tis right,
Away they ſpring; the ruſtling ſtubbles bend
Beneath the driving ſtorm. Now the poor chaſe
Begins to flag, to her laſt ſhifts reduc'd.
From brake to brake ſhe flies, and viſits all
Her well-known haunts, where once ſhe rang'd ſecure,
With love and plenty bleſt. See! there ſhe goes,
She reels along, and by her gait betrays
Her inward weakneſs. See, how black ſhe looks!
The ſweat that clogs th' obſtructed pores, ſcarce leaves
A languid ſcent. And now in open view
See, ſee, ſhe flies! each eager hound exerts
His utmoſt ſpeed, and ſtretches ev'ry nerve.
How quick ſhe turns! their gaping jaws eludes,
And yet a moment lives; till round inclos'd
By all the greedy pack, with infant ſcreams

She yields her breath, and there reluctant dies.
So when the furious BACCHANALS aſſail'd
THRACIAN ORPHEUS, poor ill-fated bard!
Loud was the cry, hills, woods, and HEBRUS' banks,
Return'd their clam'rous rage; diſtreſs'd he flies,
Shifting from place to place, but flies in vain;
For eager they purſue, till panting, faint,
By noiſy multitudes o'erpower'd, he ſinks,
To the relentleſs crowd a bleeding prey.

The huntſman now, a deep inciſion made,
Shakes out with hands impure, and daſhes down
Her reeking entrails, and yet quiv'ring heart.
Theſe claim the pack, the bloody perquiſite
For all their toils. Stretch'd on the ground ſhe lies,
A mangled corſe; in her dim glaring eyes

Cold death exults, and ſtiffens ev'ry limb.
Aw'd by the threat'ning whip, the furious hounds
Around her bay; or at their maſter's foot,
Each happy fav'rite courts his kind applauſe,
With humble adulation cow'ring low.
All now is joy. With cheeks full-blown they wind
Her ſolemn dirge, while the loud-op'ning pack
The concert ſwell, and hills and dales return
The ſadly-pleaſing ſounds. Thus the poor hare,
A puny, daſtard animal, but vers'd
In ſubtle wiles, diverts the youthful train.
But if thy proud, aſpiring ſoul diſdains
So mean a prey, delighted with the pomp,
Magnificence and grandeur of the chaſe;
Hear what the Muſe from faithful records ſings.

Why on the banks of GEMNA, INDIAN ſtream,
Line within line, riſe the pavilions proud,
Their ſilken ſtreamers waving in the wind?
Why neighs the warrior horſe? from tent to tent
Why preſs in crowds the buzzing multitude?
Why ſhines the poliſh'd helm, and pointed lance,
This way and that far-beaming o'er the plain?
Nor VISAPOUR nor GOLCONDA rebel;
Nor the great SOPHI, with his num'rous hoſt
Lays waſte the provinces; nor glory fires
To rob and to deſtroy, beneath the name
And ſpecious guiſe of war. A nobler cauſe
Calls AURENGZEBE to arms. No cities ſack'd,
No mother's tears, no helpleſs orphans' cries,
No violated leagues, with ſharp remorſe
Shall ſting the conſcious victor: but mankind

Shall hail him good and juſt. For 'tis on beaſts
He draws his vengeful ſword; on beaſts of prey
Full-fed with human gore. See, ſee, he comes!
Imperial DELHI op'ning wide her gates,
Pours out her thronging legions, bright in arms,
And all the pomp of war. Before them ſound
Clarions and trumpets, breathing martial airs,
And bold defiance. High upon his throne,
Borne on the back of his proud elephant,
Sits the great chief of TAMUR's glorious race:
Sublime he ſits, amid the radiant blaze
Of gems and gold. OMRAHS about him crowd,
And rein th' ARABIAN ſteed, and watch his nod:
And potent RAJAHS, who themſelves preſide
O'er realms of wide extent; but here ſubmiſs
Their homage pay, alternate kings and ſlaves.

Next theſe, with prying eunuchs girt around,
The fair ſultanas of his court; a troop
Of choſen beauties, but with care conceal'd
From each intruſive eye; one look is death.
Ah cruel Eaſtern law! (had kings a pow'r
But equal to their wild tyrannic will)
To rob us of the ſun's all-cheering ray,
Were leſs ſevere. The vulgar cloſe the march,
Slaves and artificers; and DELHI mourns
Her empty and depopulated ſtreets.
Now at the camp arriv'd, with ſtern review,
Thro' groves of ſpears, from file to file he darts
His ſharp experienc'd eye; their order marks,
Each in his ſtation rang'd, exact and firm,
Till in the boundleſs line his ſight is loſt.
Not greater multitudes in arms appear'd,

On theſe extended plains, when AMMON's ſon
With mighty PORUS in dread battle join'd,
The vaſſal world the prize. Nor was that hoſt
More numerous of old, which the great king
Pour'd out on GREECE from all th' unpeopled Eaſt;
That bridg'd the HELLESPONT from ſhore to ſhore,
And drank the rivers dry. Mean while in troops
The buſy hunter-train mark out the ground,
A wide circumference; full many a league
In compaſs round; woods, rivers, hills, and plains,
Large provinces; enough to gratify
Ambition's higheſt aim, could reaſon bound
Man's erring will. Now ſit in cloſe divan
The mighty chiefs of this prodigious hoſt.
He from the throne high-eminent preſides,
Gives out his mandates proud, laws of the chaſe,

From ancient records drawn. With rev'rence low,
And proſtrate at his feet, the chiefs receive
His irreverſible decrees, from which
To vary is to die. Then his brave bands
Each to his ſtation leads; encamping round,
Till the wide circle is completely form'd.
Where decent order reigns, what theſe command,
Thoſe execute with ſpeed, and punctual care;
In all the ſtricteſt diſcipline of war:
As if ſome watchful foe, with bold inſult
Hung low'ring o'er the camp. The high reſolve,
That flies on wings, thro' all th' encircling line,
Each motion ſteers, and animates the whole.
So by the ſun's attractive pow'r controll'd,
The planets in their ſpheres roll round his orb.
On all he ſhines, and rules the great machine.

Ere yet the morn diſpels the fleeting miſts,
The ſignal giv'n by the loud trumpet's voice,
Now high in air th' imperial ſtandard waves,
Emblazon'd rich with gold, and glitt'ring gems;
And like a ſheet of fire, thro' the dun gloom
Streaming meteorous. The ſoldiers ſhouts,
And all the brazen inſtruments of war,
With mutual clamor, and united din,
Fill the large concave. While from camp to camp,
They catch the varied ſounds, floating in air,
Round all the wide circumference, tygers fell
Shrink at the noiſe; deep in his gloomy den
The lion ſtarts, and morſels yet unchew'd
Drop from his trembling jaws. Now all at once
Onward they march embattled, to the ſound
Of martial harmony; fifes, cornets, drums,

That rouſe the ſleepy ſoul to arms, and bold
Heroic deeds. In parties here and there
Detach'd o'er hill and dale, the hunters range
Inquiſitive; ſtrong dogs that match in fight
The boldeſt brute, around their maſters wait,
A faithful guard. No haunt unſearch'd, they drive
From ev'ry covert, and from ev'ry den,
The lurking ſavages. Inceſſant ſhouts
Re-echo thro' the woods, and kindling fires
Gleam from the mountain tops; the foreſt ſeems
One mingling blaze: like flocks of ſheep they fly
Before the flaming brand: fierce lions, pards,
Boars, tygers, bears, and wolves; a dreadful crew
Of grim blood-thirſty foes: growling along,
They ſtalk indignant; but fierce vengeance ſtill
Hangs pealing on their rear, and pointed ſpears

Preſent immediate death. Soon as the night
Wrapt in her ſable veil forbids the chaſe,
They pitch their tents, in even ranks around
The circling camp. The guards are plac'd, and fires
At proper diſtances aſcending riſe,
And paint th' horizon with their ruddy light.
So round ſome iſland's ſhore of large extent,
Amid the gloomy horrors of the night,
The billows breaking on the pointed rocks,
Seem all one flame, and the bright circuit wide
Appears a bulwark of ſurrounding fire.
What dreadful howlings, and what hideous roar,
Diſturb thoſe peaceful ſhades! where erſt the bird
That glads the night, had cheer'd the liſt'ning grove
With ſweet complainings. Thro' the ſilent gloom
Oft they the guards aſſail; as oft repell'd

They fly reluctant, with hot-boiling rage
Stung to the quick, and mad with wild deſpair.
Thus day by day, they ſtill the chaſe renew;
At night encamp; till now in ſtraighter bounds
The circle leſſens, and the beaſts perceive
The wall that hems them in on ev'ry ſide.
And now their fury burſts, and knows no mean;
From man they turn, and point their ill-judg'd rage
Againſt their fellow brutes. With teeth and claws
The civil war begins; grapling they tear.
Lions on tygers prey, and bears on wolves:
Horrible diſcord! till the crowd behind
Shouting purſue, and part the bloody fray.
At once their wrath ſubſides; tame as the lamb
The lion hangs his head, the furious pard,
Cow'd and ſubdu'd, flies from the face of man,

Nor bears one glance of his commanding eye.
So abject is a tyrant in diſtreſs.

At laſt within the narrow plain confin'd,
A liſted field, mark'd out for bloody deeds,
An amphitheatre more glorious far
Than ancient Rome could boaſt, they crowd in heaps,
Diſmay'd, and quite appall'd. In meet array
Sheath'd in refulgent arms, a noble band
Advance; great lords of high imperial blood,
Early reſolv'd t' aſſert their royal race,
And prove by glorious deeds their valour's growth
Mature, ere yet the callow down has ſpread
Its curling ſhade. On bold ARABIAN ſteeds
With decent pride they ſit, that fearleſs hear
The lion's dreadful roar; and down the rock
Swift-ſhooting plunge, or o'er the mountain's ridge

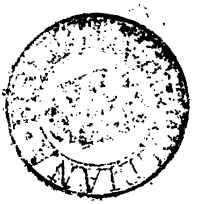
Stretching along, the greedy tyger leave
Panting behind. On foot their faithful ſlaves
With javelins arm'd attend; each watchful eye
Fix'd on his youthful care, for him alone
He fears, and to redeem his life, unmov'd
Would loſe his own. The mighty AURENGZEBE,
From his high-elevated throne, beholds
His blooming race; revolving in his mind
What once he was, in his gay ſpring of life,
When vigour ſtrung his nerves. Parental joy
Melts in his eyes, and fluſhes in his cheeks.
Now the loud trumpet ſounds a charge. The ſhouts
Of eager hoſts, thro' all the circling line,
And the wild howlings of the beaſts within
Rend wide the welkin, flights of arrows, wing'd
With death, and javelins launch'd from ev'ry arm,

Gall ſore the brutal bands, with many a wound
Gor'd thro' and thro'. Deſpair at laſt prevails,
When fainting nature ſhrinks, and rouſes all
Their drooping courage. Swell'd with furious rage,
Their eyes dart fire; and on the youthful band
They ruſh implacable. They their broad ſhields
Quick interpoſe; on each devoted head
Their flaming falchions, as the bolts of JOVE,
Deſcend unerring. Proſtrate on the ground
The grinning monſters lie, and their foul gore
Defiles the verdant plain. Nor idle ſtand
The truſty ſlaves; with pointed ſpears they pierce
Thro' their tough hides; or at their gaping mouths
An eaſier paſſage find. The king of brutes
In broken roarings breathes his laſt; the bear
Grumbles in death; nor can his ſpotted ſkin,

Drawn by Stothard R.A. Engraved by R. Sum.

——and on the youthful Band
They rush implacable?

Published August 1st 1796 by Cadell and Davies Strand.



Tho' ſleek it ſhine, with varied beauties gay,
Save the proud pard from unrelenting fate.
The battle bleeds, grim Slaughter ſtrides along,
Glutting her greedy jaws, grins o'er her prey.
Men, horſes, dogs, fierce beaſts of ev'ry kind,
A ſtrange promiſcuous carnage, drench'd in blood,
And heaps on heaps amaſs'd. What yet remain
Alive, with vain aſſault contend to break
Th' impenetrable line. Others, whom fear
Inſpires with ſelf-preſerving wiles, beneath
The bodies of the ſlain for ſhelter creep.
Aghaſt they fly, or hide their heads diſpers'd.
And now perchance (had heav'n but pleas'd) the work
Of death had been complete; and AURENGZEBE
By one dread frown extinguiſh'd half their race.
When lo! the bright ſultanas of his court

Appear, and to his raviſh'd eyes diſplay
Thoſe charms, but rarely to the day reveal'd.

Lowly they bend, and humbly ſue, to ſave
The vanquiſh'd hoſt. What mortal can deny
When ſuppliant beauty begs? At his command
Op'ning to right and left, the well-train'd troops
Leave a large void for their retreating foes.
Away they fly, on wings of fear upborne,
To ſeek on diſtant hills their late abodes.

Ye proud oppreſſors, whoſe vain hearts exult
In wantonneſs of pow'r, 'gainſt the brute race,
Fierce robbers like yourſelves, a guiltleſs war
Wage uncontroll'd: here quench your thirſt of blood;
But learn from AURENGZEBE to ſpare mankind.

END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

THE

THIRD BOOK

OF

THE CHASE.

ARGUMENT.

OF King EDGAR and his impoſing a tribute of wolves heads upon the kings of WALES: from hence a tranſition to fox-hunting, which is deſcribed in all its parts. Cenſure of an over-numerous pack. Of the ſeveral engines to deſtroy foxes, and other wild beaſts. The ſteel-trap deſcribed, and the manner of uſing it. Deſcription of the pitfall for the lion; and another for the elephant. The ancient way of hunting the tyger with a mirror. The ARABIAN manner of hunting the wild boar. Deſcription of the royal ſtag-chaſe at WINDSOR FOREST. Concludes with an addreſs to his Majeſty, and an eulogy upon mercy.

THE

CHASE.

BOOK III.

IN ALBION'S isle when glorious EDGAR reign'd,
He wisely provident, from her white cliffs
Launch'd half her forests, and with num'rous fleets
Cover'd his wide domain: there proudly rode
Lord of the deep, the great prerogative
Of BRITISH monarchs. Each invader bold,
DANE and NORWEGIAN, at a distance gaz'd,

And diſappointed, gnaſh'd his teeth in vain.
He ſcour'd the ſeas, and to remoteſt ſhores
With ſwelling ſails the trembling corſair fled.
Rich commerce flouriſh'd; and with buſy oars
Daſh'd the reſounding ſurge. Nor leſs at land
His royal cares; wiſe, potent, gracious prince!
His ſubjects from their cruel foes he ſav'd,
And from rapacious ſavages their flocks.
CAMBRIA's proud kings (tho' with reluctance) paid
Their tributary wolves; head after head,
In full account, till the woods yield no more,
And all the rav'nous race extinct is loſt.
In fertile paſtures, more ſecurely graz'd
The ſocial troops; and ſoon their large increaſe
With curling fleeces whiten'd all the plains.
But yet, alas! the wily fox remain'd,

A ſubtle, pilf'ring foe, prowling around
In midnight ſhades, and wakeful to deſtroy.
In the full fold, the poor defenceleſs lamb,
Seiz'd by his guileful arts, with ſweet warm blood
Supplies a rich repaſt. The mournful ewe,
Her deareſt treaſure loſt, thro' the dun night
Wanders perplex'd, and darkling bleats in vain:
While in th' adjacent buſh, poor PHILOMEL,
(Herſelf a parent once, till wanton churls
Deſpoil'd her neſt) joins in her loud laments,
With ſweeter notes, and more melodious woe.

For theſe nocturnal thieves, huntſman, prepare
Thy ſharpeſt vengeance. Oh! how glorious 'tis
To right th' oppreſs'd, and bring the felon vile
To juſt diſgrace! Ere yet the morning peep,
Or ſtars retire from the firſt bluſh of day,

With thy far-echoing voice alarm thy pack,
And rouſe thy bold compeers. Then to the copſe,
Thick with entangling graſs, or prickly furze,
With ſilence lead thy many-colour'd hounds,
In all their beauty's pride. See! how they range
Diſpers'd, how buſily this way and that
They croſs, examining with curious noſe
Each likely haunt. Hark! on the drag I hear
Their doubtful notes, preluding to a cry
More nobly full, and ſwell'd with ev'ry mouth.
As ſtraggling armies at the trumpet's voice,
Preſs to their ſtandard; hither all repair,
And hurry thro' the woods; with haſty ſtep
Ruſtling, and full of hope; now driv'n on heaps
They puſh, they ſtrive; while from his kennel ſneaks
The conſcious villain. See! he ſkulks along,

Sleek at the ſhepherd's coſt, and plump with meals
Purloin'd. So thrive the wicked here below.
Tho' high his bruſh he bear, tho' tipt with white
It gayly ſhine, yet ere the ſun declin'd
Recall the ſhades of night, the pamper'd rogue
Shall rue his fate revers'd; and at his heels
Behold the juſt avenger, ſwift to ſeize
His forfeit head, and thirſting for his blood.

Heav'ns! what melodious ſtrains! how beat our hearts
Big with tumultuous joy! the loaded gales
Breathe harmony; and as the tempeſt drives
From wood to wood, thro' ev'ry dark receſs
The foreſt thunders, and the mountains ſhake.
The chorus ſwells; leſs various, and leſs ſweet
The trilling notes, when in thoſe very groves,

The feather'd choriſters ſalute the ſpring,
And ev'ry buſh in concert joins; or when
The maſter's hand, in modulated air,
Bids the loud organ breathe, and all the pow'rs
Of muſic in one inſtrument combine,
An univerſal minſtrelſy. And now
In vain each earth he tries, the doors are barr'd
Impregnable, nor is the covert ſafe;
He pants for purer air. Hark! what loud ſhouts
Re-echo thro' the groves! he breaks away,
Shrill horns proclaim his flight. Each ſtraggling hound
Strains o'er the lawn to reach the diſtant pack.
'Tis triumph all and joy. Now, my brave youths,
Now give a looſe to the clean gen'rous ſteed;
Flouriſh the whip, nor ſpare the galling ſpur;
But in the madneſs of delight, forget

Your fears. Far o'er the rocky hills we range,
And dangerous our courſe ; but in the brave
True courage never fails. In vain the ſtream
In foaming eddies whirls ; in vain the ditch
Wide gaping threatens death. The craggy ſteep
Where the poor dizzy ſhepherd crawls with care,
And clings to ev'ry twig, gives us no pain ;
But down we ſweep, as ſtoops the falcon bold
To pounce his prey. Then up th' opponent hill,
By the ſwift motion ſlung, we mount aloft :
So ſhips in winter ſeas now ſliding ſink
Adown the ſteepy wave, then toſs'd on high
Ride on the billows, and defy the ſtorm.

What lengths we paſs ! where will the wand'ring chaſe
Lead us bewilder'd ! ſmooth as the ſwallows ſkim

The new-ſhorn mead, and far more ſwift we fly.
See my brave pack! how to the head they preſs,
Juſtling in cloſe array; then more diffuſe
Obliquely wheel, while from their op'ning mouths
The vollied thunder breaks. So when the cranes
Their annual voyage ſteer, with wanton wing
Their figure oft they change, and their loud clang
From cloud to cloud rebounds. How far behind
The hunter-crew, wide ſtraggling o'er the plain!
The panting courſer now with trembling nerves
Begins to reel; urg'd by the goring ſpur,
Makes many a faint effort: he ſnorts, he foams,
The big round drops run trickling down his ſides,
With ſweat and blood diſtain'd. Look back and view
The ſtrange confuſion of the vale below,
Where ſour vexation reigns; ſee yon poor jade,

In vain th' impatient rider frets and ſwears,
With galling ſpurs harrows his mangled ſides;
He can no more: his ſtiff unpliant limbs
Rooted in earth, unmov'd and fix'd he ſtands,
For ev'ry cruel curſe returns a groan,
And ſobs, and faints, and dies. Who without grief
Can view that pamper'd ſteed, his maſter's joy,
His minion, and his daily care, well cloth'd,
Well fed with ev'ry nicer cate; no coſt,
No labour ſpar'd; who, when the flying chaſe
Broke from the copſe, without a rival led
The num'rous train; now a ſad ſpectacle
Of pride brought low, and humbled inſolence,
Drove like a pannier'd aſs, and ſcourg'd along.
While theſe with looſen'd reins and dangling heels,
Hang on their reeling palfreys, that ſcarce bear

Their weights; another in the treach'rous bog
Lies flound'ring half ingulph'd. What biting thoughts
Torment th' abandon'd crew! Old age laments
His vigour ſpent: the tall, plump, brawny youth
Curſes his cumb'rous bulk; and envies now
The ſhort pygmean race he whilom kenn'd
With proud inſulting leer. A choſen few
Alone the ſport enjoy, nor droop beneath
Their pleaſing toils. Here, huntſman, from this height
Obſerve yon birds of prey; if I can judge,
'Tis there the villain lurks; they hover round
And claim him as their own. Was I not right?
See! there he creeps along; his bruſh he drags,
And ſweeps the mire impure; from his wide jaws
His tongue unmoiſten'd hangs; ſymptoms too ſure
Of ſudden death. Ha! yet he flies, nor yields

To black deſpair. But one looſe more, and all
His wiles are vain. Hark! thro' yon village now
The rattling clamor rings. The barns, the cots,
And leafleſs elms return the joyous ſounds.
Thro' ev'ry homeſtall, and thro' ev'ry yard,
His midnight walks, panting, forlorn, he flies;
Thro' ev'ry hole he ſneaks, thro' ev'ry jakes
Plunging he wades beſmear'd, and fondly hopes
In a ſuperior ſtench to loſe his own:
But faithful to the track, th' unerring hounds
With peals of echoing vengeance cloſe purſue.
And now diſtreſs'd, no ſhelt'ring covert near,
Into the hen-rooſt creeps, whoſe walls with gore
Diſtain'd atteſt his guilt. There, villain! there
Expect thy fate deſerv'd. And ſoon from thence
The pack inquiſitive, with clamour loud,

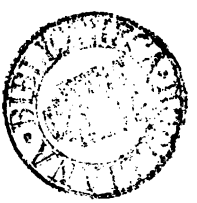
Drag out their trembling prize; and on his blood
With greedy tranſport feaſt. In bolder notes
Each ſounding horn proclaims the felon dead;
And all th' aſſembled village ſhouts for joy.
The farmer who beholds his mortal foe
Stretch'd at his feet, applauds the glorious deed,
And grateful calls us to a ſhort repaſt:
In the full glaſs the liquid amber ſmiles,
Our native product. And his good old mate
With choiceſt viands heaps the lib'ral board,
To crown our triumphs, and reward our toils.

Here muſt th' inſtructive Muſe (but with reſpect)
Cenſure that num'rous pack, that crowd of ſtate,
With which the vain profuſion of the great
Covers the lawn, and ſhakes the trembling copſe.

Drawn by T. Stothard R.A. Engraved by J. Parker.

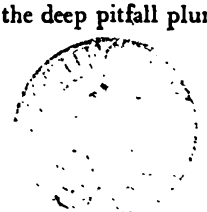
The Farmer who beholds his mortal Foe
Stretch'd at his Feet, applauds the Glorious Deed,
And grateful calls us to a short Repast.

Published August 1st 1796. by Cadell and Davies, Strand.



Pompous incumbrance! A magnificence
Uſeleſs, vexatious! For the wily fox,
Safe in th' increaſing number of his foes,
Kens well the great advantage: ſlinks behind,
And ſlyly creeps thro' the ſame beaten track,
And hunts them ſtep by ſtep; then views, eſcap'd,
With inward ecſtaſy, the panting throng
In their own footſteps puzzled, foil'd and loſt.
So when proud Eaſtern kings ſummon to arms
Their gaudy legions, from far diſtant climes
They flock in crowds, unpeopling half a world:
But when the day of battle calls them forth
To charge the well-train'd foe, a band compact
Of choſen vet'rans, they preſs blindly on,
In heaps confus'd, by their own weapons fall,
A ſmoking carnage ſcatter'd o'er the plain.

Nor hounds alone this noxious brood deſtroy:
The plunder'd warrener full many a wile
Deviſes to entrap his greedy foe,
Fat with nocturnal ſpoils. At cloſe of day
With ſilence drags his trail; then from the ground
Pares thin the cloſe-graz'd turf; there with nice hand
Covers the latent death, with curious ſprings
Prepar'd to fly at once, whene'er the tread
Of man or beaſt unwarily ſhall preſs
The yielding ſurface. By th' indented ſteel
With gripe tenacious held, the felon grins,
And ſtruggles, but in vain: yet oft 'tis known,
When ev'ry art has fail'd, the captive fox
Has ſhar'd the wounded joint, and with a limb
Compounded for his life. But if perchance
In the deep pitfall plung'd, there's no eſcape;



But unrepriev'd he dies, and bleach'd in air
The jeſt of clowns, his reeking carcaſe hangs.

Of theſe are various kinds; not ev'n the king
Of brutes evades this deep devouring grave:
But by the wily AFRICAN betray'd,
Heedleſs of fate, within its gaping jaws
Expires indignant. When the orient beam
With bluſhes paints the dawn, and all the race
Carnivorous, with blood full-gorg'd, retire
Into their darkſome cells, there, ſatiate, ſnore
O'er dripping offals, and the mangled limbs
Of men and beaſts, the painful foreſter
Climbs the high hills, whoſe proud aſpiring tops,
With the tall cedar crown'd, and taper fir,
Aſſail the clouds. There 'mong the craggy rocks,

And thickets intricate, trembling he views
His footſteps in the ſand; the diſmal road
And avenue to death. Hither he calls
His watchful bands; and low into the ground
A pit they ſink, full many a fathom deep.
Then in the midſt a column high is rear'd,
The butt of ſome fair tree; upon whoſe top
A lamb is plac'd, juſt raviſh'd from his dam.
And next a wall they build, with ſtones and earth
Encircling round, and hiding from all view
The dreadful precipice. Now when the ſhades
Of night hang low'ring o'er the mountain's brow,
And hunger keen, and pungent thirſt of blood,
Rouze up the ſlothful beaſt, he ſhakes his ſides,
Slow riſing from his lair, and ſtretches wide
His rav'nous jaws, with recent gore diſtain'd.

The foreſts tremble as he roars aloud,
Impatient to deſtroy. O'erjoy'd he hears
The bleating innocent, that claims in vain
The ſhepherd's care, and ſeeks with piteous moan
The foodful teat; himſelf, alas! deſign'd
Another's meal. For now the greedy brute,
Winds him from far; and leaping o'er the mound
To ſeize his trembling prey, headlong is plung'd
Into the deep abyſs. Proſtrate he lies
Aſtunn'd and impotent. Ah! what avail
Thine eye-balls flaſhing fire, thy length of tail
That laſhes thy broad ſides; thy jaws beſmear'd
With blood and offals crude, thy ſhaggy mane,
The terror of the woods; thy ſtately port,
And bulk enormous, ſince by ſtratagem
Thy ſtrength is foil'd? Unequal is the ſtrife,
When ſov'reign reaſon combats brutal rage.

On diſtant ETHIOPIA's ſun-burnt coaſts,
The black inhabitants a pitfall frame,
But of a diff'rent kind, and diff'rent uſe.
With ſlender poles the wide capacious mouth,
And hurdles ſlight, they cloſe; o'er theſe is ſpread
A floor of verdant turf, with all its flow'rs
Smiling deluſive, and from ſtricteſt ſearch
Concealing the deep grave that yawns below.
Then boughs of trees they cut, with tempting fruit
Of various kinds ſurcharg'd; the downy peach,
The cluſt'ring vine, and of bright golden rind
The fragrant orange. Soon as ev'ning grey
Advances ſlow, beſprinkling all around
With kind refreſhing dews the thirſty glebe,
The ſtately elephant from the cloſe ſhade
With ſtep majeſtic ſtrides, eager to taſte

The cooler breeze, that from the ſea-beat ſhore
Delightful breathes, or in the limpid ſtream
To lave his panting ſides; joyous he ſcents
The rich repaſt, unweeting of the death
That lurks within. And ſoon he ſporting breaks
The brittle boughs, and greedily devours
The fruit delicious. Ah! too dearly bought;
The price is life. For now the treach'rous turf
Trembling gives way; and the unwieldy beaſt
Self-ſinking, drops into the dark profound.
So when dilated vapours, ſtruggling heave
Th' incumbent earth; if chance the cavern'd ground
Shrinking ſubſide, and the thin ſurface yield,
Down ſinks at once the pond'rous dome, ingulph'd
With all its tow'rs. Subtle, deluſive man!
How various are thy wiles! artful to kill

Thy ſavage foes, a dull unthinking race!
Fierce from his lair ſprings forth the ſpeckled pard,
Thirſting for blood, and eager to deſtroy;
The huntſman flies, but to his flight alone
Confides not: at convenient diſtance fix'd,
A poliſh'd mirror ſtops in full career
The furious brute: he there his image views;
Spots againſt ſpots with rage improving glow;
Another pard his briſtly whiſkers curls,
Grins as he grins, fierce-menacing, and wide
Diſtends his op'ning paws; himſelf againſt
Himſelf oppos'd, and with dread vengeance arm'd.
The huntſman now ſecure, with fatal aim
Directs the pointed ſpear, by which transfix'd
He dies, and with him dies the rival ſhade.
Thus man innum'rous engines forms, t' aſſail

The ſavage kind: but moſt the docile horſe,
Swift and confederate with man, annoys
His brethren of the plains; without whoſe aid
The hunter's arts are vain, unſkill'd to wage
With the more active brutes an equal war.
But borne by him, without the well-train'd pack,
Man dares his foe, on wings of wind ſecure.

Him the fierce ARAB mounts, and with his troop
Of bold compeers, ranges the deſerts wild,
Where by the magnet's aid, the traveller
Steers his untrodden courſe; yet oft on land
Is wreck'd, in the high-rolling waves of ſand
Immers'd and loſt. While theſe intrepid bands,
Safe in their horſes ſpeed, out-fly the ſtorm,
And ſcouring round, make men and beaſts their prey.

The grisly boar is singled from his herd
As large as that in ERIMANTHIAN woods,
A match for HERCULES. Round him they fly
In circles wide; and each in passing sends
His feather'd death into his brawny sides.
But perilous th' attempt. For if the steed
Haply too near approach; or the loose earth
His footing fail; the watchful angry beast
Th' advantage spies; and at one sidelong glance
Rips up his groin. Wounded, he rears aloft,
And plunging, from his back the rider hurls
Precipitant; then bleeding spurns the ground,
And drags his reeking entrails o'er the plain.
Meanwhile the surly monster trots along,
But with unequal speed; for still they wound,
Swift-wheeling in the spacious ring. A wood

Of darts upon his back he bears; adown
His tortur'd ſides, the crimſon torrents roll
From many a gaping font. And now at laſt
Stagg'ring he falls, in blood and foam expires.

But whither roves my devious muſe, intent
On antique tales, while yet the royal ſtag
Unſung remains? Tread with reſpectful awe
WINDSOR's green glades; where DENHAM, tuneful bard,
Charm'd once the liſt'ning dryads, with his ſong
Sublimely ſweet. Oh! grant me, ſacred ſhade,
To glean ſubmiſs what thy full fickle leaves.

The morning ſun that gilds with trembling rays
WINDSOR's high tow'rs, beholds the courtly train

Mount for the chaſe, nor views in all his courſe
A ſcene ſo gay: heroic, noble youths,
In arts and arms renown'd, and lovely nymphs
The faireſt of this iſle, where Beauty dwells
Delighted, and deſerts her PAPHIAN grove
For our more favor'd ſhades: in proud parade
Theſe ſhine magnificent, and preſs around
The royal happy pair. Great in themſelves,
They ſmile ſuperior; of external ſhow
Regardleſs, while their inbred virtues give
A luſtre to their pow'r, and grace their court
With real ſplendors, far above the pomp
Of eaſtern kings, in all their tinſel pride.
Like troops of AMAZONS, the female band
Prance round their cars, not in refulgent arms
As thoſe of old; unſkill'd to wield the ſword,

Or bend the bow, theſe kill with ſurer aim.
The royal offſpring, faireſt of the fair,
Lead on the ſplendid train. ANNA, more bright
Than ſummer ſuns, or as the lightning keen,
With irreſiſtible effulgence arm'd,
Fires ev'ry heart. He muſt be more than man,
Who unconcern'd can bear the piercing ray.
AMELIA, milder than the bluſhing dawn,
With ſweet engaging air, but equal pow'r,
Inſenſibly ſubdues, and in ſoft chains
Her willing captives leads. Illuſtrious maids,
Ever triumphant! whoſe victorious charms,
Without the needleſs aid of high deſcent,
Had aw'd mankind, and taught the world's great lords
To bow and ſue for grace. But who is he
Freſh as a roſe-bud newly blown, and fair

As op'ning lilies; on whom ev'ry eye
With joy and admiration dwells? See, ſee,
He reins his docile barb with manly grace.
Is it ADONIS for the chaſe array'd?
Or BRITAIN's ſecond hope? Hail, blooming youth!
May all your virtues with your years improve,
Till in conſummate worth, you ſhine the pride
Of theſe our days, and to ſucceeding times
A bright example. As his guard of mutes
On the great ſultan wait, with eyes dejected
And fix'd on earth, no voice, no ſound is heard
Within the wide ſerail, but all is huſh'd,
And awful ſilence reigns; thus ſtand the pack
Mute and unmov'd, and cow'ring low to earth,
While paſs the glitt'ring court, and royal pair:
So diſciplin'd thoſe hounds, and ſo reſerv'd,

Whoſe honour 'tis to glad the hearts of kings.
But ſoon the winding horn, and huntſman's voice,
Let looſe the gen'ral chorus; far around
Joy ſpreads its wings, and the gay morning ſmiles.

Unharbour'd now the royal ſtag forſakes
His wonted lair; he ſhakes his dappled ſides,
And toſſes high his beamy head, the copſe
Beneath his antlers bends. What doubling ſhifts
He tries! not more the wily hare; in theſe
Would ſtill perſiſt, did not the full-mouth'd pack
With dreadful concert thunder in his rear.
The woods reply, the hunter's cheering ſhouts
Float thro' the glades, and the wide foreſt rings.
How merrily they chant! their noſtrils deep
Inhale the grateful ſteam. Such is the cry,

And ſuch th' harmonious din, the ſoldier deems
The battle kindling, and the ſtateſman grave
Forgets his weighty cares; each age, each ſex
In the wild tranſport joins; luxuriant joy,
And pleaſure in exceſs, ſparkling exult
On ev'ry brow, and revel unreſtrain'd.
How happy art thou, man, when thou'rt no more
Thyſelf! when all the pangs that grind thy ſoul,
In rapture and in ſweet oblivion loſt,
Yield a ſhort interval, and eaſe from pain!

See the ſwift courſer ſtrains, his ſhining hoofs
Securely beat the ſolid ground. Who now
The dang'rous pitfall fears, with tangling heath
High-overgrown? Or who the quiv'ring bog
Soft yielding to the ſtep? All now is plain,

Plain as the ſtrand ſea-lav'd, that ſtretches far
Beneath the rocky ſhore. Glades croſſing glades
The foreſt opens to our wond'ring view:
Such was the king's command. Let tyrants fierce
Lay waſte the world; his the more glorious part
To check their pride; and when the brazen voice
Of war is huſh'd (as erſt victorious ROME)
T' employ his ſtation'd legions in the works
Of peace; to ſmooth the rugged wilderneſs,
To drain the ſtagnate fen, to raiſe the ſlope
Depending road, and to make gay the face
Of nature, with th' embelliſhments of art.

How melts my beating heart! as I behold
Each lovely nymph our iſland's boaſt and pride,
Puſh on the gen'rous ſteed, that ſtrokes along

O'er rough, o'er ſmooth, nor heeds the ſteepy hill,
Nor faulters in th' extended vale below:
Their garments looſely waving in the wind,
And all the fluſh of beauty in their cheeks!
While at their ſides their penſive lovers wait,
Direct their dubious courſe; now chill'd with fear
Solicitous, and now with love inflam'd.
Oh! grant, indulgent Heav'n, no riſing ſtorm
May darken with black wings this glorious ſcene!
Should ſome malignant pow'r thus damp our joys,
Vain were the gloomy cave, ſuch as of old
Betray'd to lawleſs love the TYRIAN queen.
For BRITAIN'S virtuous nymphs are chaſte as fair,
Spotleſs, unblam'd, with equal triumph reign
In the dun gloom, as in the blaze of day.

Now the blown ſtag, thro' woods, bogs, roads,
and ſtreams
Has meaſur'd half the foreſt; but alas!
He flies in vain, he flies not from his fears.
Tho' far he caſt the ling'ring pack behind,
His haggard fancy ſtill with horrors views
The fell deſtroyer; ſtill the fatal cry
Inſults his ears, and wounds his trembling heart.
So the poor fury-haunted wretch (his hands
In guiltleſs blood diſtain'd) ſtill ſeems to hear
The dying ſhrieks; and the pale threat'ning ghoſt
Moves as he moves, and as he flies purſues.
See here his flot; up yon green hill he climbs,
Pants on its brow a while, ſadly looks back
On his purſuers, cov'ring all the plain;
But wrung with anguiſh, bears not long the ſight,

Shoots down the ſteep, and ſweats along the vale:
There mingles with the herd, where once he reign'd
Proud monarch of the groves, whoſe claſhing beam
His rivals aw'd, and whoſe exalted pow'r
Was ſtill rewarded with ſucceſsful love.
But the baſe herd have learn'd the ways of men,
Averſe they fly, or with rebellious aim
Chaſe him from thence: needleſs their impious deed,
The huntſman knows him by a thouſand marks,
Black, and imboſt; nor are his hounds deceiv'd;
Too well diſtinguiſh theſe, and never leave
Their once devoted foe; familiar grows
His ſcent, and ſtrong their appetite to kill.
Again he flies, and with redoubled ſpeed
Skims o'er the lawn; ſtill the tenacious crew
Hang on the track, aloud demand their prey,

And puſh him many a league. If haply then
Too far eſcap'd, and the gay courtly train
Behind are caſt, the huntſman's clanging whip
Stops full their bold career; paſſive they ſtand,
Unmov'd, an humble, an obſequious crowd,
As if by ſtern MEDUSA gaz'd to ſtones.
So at their gen'ral's voice whole armies halt
In full purſuit, and check their thirſt of blood.
Soon at the king's command, like haſty ſtreams
Damm'd up a while, they foam, and pour along
With freſh-recruited might. The ſtag, who hop'd
His foes were loſt, now once more hears aſtunn'd
The dreadful din; he ſhivers ev'ry limb,
He ſtarts, he bounds; each buſh preſents a foe.
Preſs'd by the freſh relay, no pauſe allow'd,
Breathleſs, and faint, he faulters in his pace,

And lifts his weary limbs with pain, that ſcarce
Suſtain their load! he pants, he ſobs appall'd;
Drops down his heavy head to earth, beneath
His cumbrous beams oppreſs'd. But if perchance
Some prying eye ſurpriſe him; ſoon he rears
Erect his tow'ring front, bounds o'er the lawn
With ill-diſſembled vigour, to amuſe
The knowing foreſter; who inly ſmiles
At his weak ſhifts, and unavailing frauds.
So midnight tapers waſte their laſt remains,
Shine forth a while, and as they blaze expire.
From wood to wood redoubling thunders roll,
And bellow thro' the vales; the moving ſtorm
Thickens amain, and loud triumphant ſhouts,
And horns ſhrill-warbling in each glade, prelude
To his approaching fate. And now in view

With hobbling gait, and high, exerts amaz'd
What ſtrength is left: to the laſt dregs of life
Reduc'd, his ſpirits fail, on ev'ry ſide
Hemm'd in, beſieg'd; not the leaſt op'ning left
To gleaming hope, th' unhappy's laſt reſerve.
Where ſhall he turn? or whither fly? Deſpair
Gives courage to the weak. Reſolv'd to die,
He fears no more, but ruſhes on his foes,
And deals his deaths around; beneath his feet
Theſe grov'ling lie, thoſe by his antlers gor'd
Defile th' enſanguin'd plain. Ah! ſee diſtreſs'd
He ſtands at bay againſt yon knotty trunk,
That covers well his rear, his front preſents
An hoſt of foes. O! ſhun, ye noble train,
The rude encounter, and believe your lives
Your country's due alone. As now aloof

They wing around, he finds his ſoul uprais'd
To dare ſome great exploit ; he charges home
Upon the broken pack, that on each ſide
Fly diverſe ; then as o'er the turf he ſtrains,
He vents the cooling ſtream, and up the breeze
Urges his courſe with eager violence :
Then takes the ſoil, and plunges in the flood
Precipitant ; down the mid-ſtream he wafts
Along, till (like a ſhip diſtreſs'd, that runs
Into ſome winding creek) cloſe to the verge
Of a ſmall iſland, for his weary feet
Sure anchorage he finds, there ſkulks immers'd.
His noſe alone above the wave draws in
The vital air ; all elſe beneath the flood
Conceal'd, and loſt, deceives each prying eye
Of man or brute. In vain the crowding pack

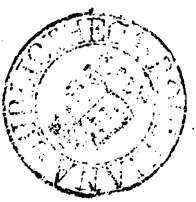
Draw on the margin of the ſtream, or cut
The liquid wave with oary feet, that move
In equal time. The gliding waters leave
No trace behind, and his contracted pores
But ſparingly perſpire; the huntſman ſtrains
His lab'ring lungs, and puffs his cheeks in vain:
At length a blood-hound bold, ſtudious to kill,
And exquiſite of ſenſe, winds him from far;
Headlong he leaps into the flood, his mouth
Loud op'ning ſpends amain, and his wide throat
Swells ev'ry note with joy; then fearleſs dives
Beneath the wave, hangs on his haunch, and wounds
Th' unhappy brute, that flounders in the ſtream,
Sorely diſtreſs'd, and ſtruggling ſtrives to mount
The ſteepy ſhore. Haply once more eſcap'd;
Again he ſtands at bay, amid the groves

Of willows, bending low their downy heads.
Outrageous tranſport fires the greedy pack;
Theſe ſwim the deep, and thoſe crawl up with pain
The ſlipp'ry bank, while others on firm land
Engage; the ſtag repels each bold aſſault,
Maintains his poſt, and wounds for wounds returns.
As when ſome wily corſair boards a ſhip
Full-freighted, or from AFRIC's golden coaſts,
Or INDIA's wealthy ſtrand, his bloody crew
Upon her deck he flings; theſe in the deep
Drop ſhort, and ſwim to reach her ſteepy ſides,
And clinging, climb aloft; while thoſe on board
Urge on the work of Fate; the maſter bold,
Preſs'd to his laſt retreat, bravely reſolves
To ſink his wealth beneath the whelming wave,
His wealth, his foes, nor unreveng'd to die.

Drawn by T. Stothard R.A. Engraved by I. Neagle.

—the Stag repells each bold Assault.

Published August 1st. 1796. by Cadell and Davies Strand.



So fares it with the ſtag: ſo he reſolves
To plunge at once into the flood below,
Himſelf, his foes, in one deep gulph immers'd.
Ere yet he executes this dire intent,
In wild diſorder once more views the light;
Beneath a weight of woe he groans diſtreſs'd:
The tears run trickling down his hairy cheeks;
He weeps, nor weeps in vain. The king beholds
His wretched plight, and tenderneſs innate
Moves his great ſoul. Soon at his high command
Rebuk'd, the diſappointed, hungry pack
Retire ſubmiſs, and grumbling quit their prey.

Great Prince! from thee what may thy ſubjects hope,
So kind, and ſo beneficent to brutes?

O Mercy, heav'nly born! Sweet attribute!
Thou great, thou beſt prerogative of power!
Juſtice may guard the throne, but join'd with thee,
On rocks of adamant it ſtands ſecure,
And braves the ſtorm beneath; ſoon as thy ſmiles
Gild the rough deep, the foaming waves ſubſide,
And all the noiſy tumult ſinks in peace.

END OF THE THIRD BOOK.

THE

FOURTH BOOK

OF

THE CHASE.

ARGUMENT.

Of the neceſſity of deſtroying ſome beaſts, and preſerving others for the uſe of man. Of breeding of hounds; the ſeaſon for this buſineſs. The choice of the dog, of great moment. Of the litter of whelps. Number to be reared. Of ſetting them out to their ſeveral walks. Care to be taken to prevent their hunting too ſoon. Of entering the whelps. Of breaking them from running at ſheep. Of the diſeaſes of hounds. Of their age. Of madneſs; two ſorts of it deſcribed, the dumb, and outrageous madneſs: its dreadful effects. Burning of the wound recommended as preventing all ill conſequences. The infectious hounds to be ſeparated, and fed apart. The vanity of truſting to the many infallible cures for this malady. The diſmal effects of the biting of a mad dog, upon man, deſcribed. Deſcription of the otter hunting. The concluſion.

THE

CHASE.

BOOK IV.

WHATE'ER of earth is form'd, to earth returns
Diſſolv'd: the various objects we behold,
Plants, animals, this whole material maſs,
Are ever changing, ever new. The ſoul
Of man alone, that particle divine,
Eſcapes the wreck of worlds when all things fail.
Hence great the diſtance 'twixt the beaſts that periſh,

And GOD's bright image, man's immortal race.
The brute creation are his property,
Subſervient to his will, and for him made.
As hurtful theſe he kills, as uſeful thoſe
Preſerves; their ſole and arbitrary king.
Should he not kill, as erſt the SAMIAN ſage
Taught unadvis'd, and INDIAN brachmins now
As vainly preach, the teeming rav'nous brutes
Might fill the ſcanty ſpace of this terrene,
Incumb'ring all the globe: ſhould not his care
Improve his growing ſtock, their kinds might fail,
Man might once more on roots and acorns feed,
And thro' the deſerts range, ſhiv'ring, forlorn,
Quite deſtitute of ev'ry ſolace dear,
And ev'ry ſmiling gaiety of life.

The prudent huntſman, therefore, will ſupply
With annual large recruits, his broken pack,
And propagate their kind. As from the root
Freſh ſcions ſtill ſpring forth, and daily yield
New blooming honours to the parent tree.
Far ſhall his pack be fam'd, far ſought his breed,
And princes at their tables feaſt thoſe hounds
His hand preſents, an acceptable boon.

Ere yet the ſun thro' the bright Ram has urg'd
His ſteepy courſe, or mother Earth unbound
Her frozen boſom to the Weſtern gale:
When feather'd troops, their ſocial leagues diſſolv'd,
Select their mates, and on the leafleſs elm
The noiſy rook builds high her wicker neſt;
Mark well the wanton females of thy pack,

That curl their taper tails, and friſking court
Their piebald mates enamour'd; their red eyes
Flaſh fires impure; nor reſt, nor food they take,
Goaded by furious love. In ſep'rate cells
Confine them now, leſt bloody civil wars
Annoy thy peaceful ſtate. If left at large,
The growling rivals in dread battle join,
And rude encounter. On SCAMANDER'S ſtreams
Heroes of old with far leſs fury fought,
For the bright SPARTAN dame, their valour's prize.
Mangled and torn thy fav'rite hounds ſhall lie,
Stretch'd on the ground; thy kennel ſhall appear
A field of blood: like ſome unhappy town
In civil broils confus'd, while Diſcord ſhakes
Her bloody ſcourge aloft, fierce parties rage,
Staining their impious hands in mutual death.

And ſtill the beſt belov'd and braveſt fall:
Such are the dire effects of lawleſs love.

Huntſman! theſe ills by timely prudent care
Prevent: for ev'ry longing dame ſelect
Some happy paramour; to him alone
In leagues connubial join. Conſider well
His lineage; what his fathers did of old,
Chiefs of the pack, and firſt to climb the rock,
Or plunge into the deep, or thread the brake
With thorns ſharp-pointed, plaſh'd, and briars inwoven.
Obſerve with care his ſhape, ſort, colour, ſize.
Nor will ſagacious huntſmen leſs regard
His inward habits: the vain babbler ſhun,
Ever loquacious, ever in the wrong.

His fooliſh offſpring ſhall offend thy ears
With falſe alarms, and loud impertinence.
Nor leſs the ſhifting cur avoid, that breaks
Illuſive from the pack; to the next hedge
Devious he ſtrays, there ev'ry muſe he tries:
If haply then he croſs the ſteaming ſcent,
Away he flies vain-glorious, and exults
As of the pack ſupreme, and in his ſpeed
And ſtrength unrivall'd. Lo! caſt far behind
His vex'd aſſociates pant, and lab'ring ſtrain
To climb the ſteep aſcent. Soon as they reach
Th' inſulting boaſter, his falſe courage fails,
Behind he lags, doom'd to the fatal nooſe,
His maſter's hate, and ſcorn of all the field.
What can from ſuch be hop'd, but a baſe brood
Of coward curs, a frantic, vagrant race?

When now the third revolving moon appears,
With ſharpen'd horns, above th' horizon's brink,
Without LUCINA's aid, expect thy hopes
Are amply crown'd; ſhort pangs produce to light
The ſmoking litter, crawling, helpleſs, blind,
Nature their guide, they ſeek the pouting teat
That plenteous ſtreams. Soon as the tender dam
Has form'd them with her tongue, with pleaſure view
The marks of their renown'd progenitors,
Sure pledge of triumphs yet to come. All theſe
Select with joy; but to the merc'leſs flood
Expoſe the dwindling refuſe, nor o'erload
Th' indulgent mother. If thy heart relent,
Unwilling to deſtroy, a nurſe provide,
And to the foſter-parent give the care
Of thy ſuperfluous brood; ſhe'll cheriſh kind

The alien offspring; pleas'd thou ſhalt behold
Her tenderneſs, and hoſpitable love.

If frolic now, and playful, they deſert
Their gloomy cell, and on the verdant turf
With nerves improv'd, purſue the mimic chaſe,
Courſing around, unto thy choiceſt friends
Commit thy valu'd prize; the ruſtic dames
Shall at thy kennel wait, and in their laps
Receive thy growing hopes, with many a kiſs
Careſs, and dignify their little charge
With ſome great title, and reſounding name
Of high import. But cautious here obſerve
To check their youthful ardor, nor permit
The inexperienc'd younker, immature,
Alone to range the woods, or haunt the brakes

Drawn by T. Stothard R.A. Engraved by J. Parker.

Caress and dignify their little Charge
With some great Title.

Published August 1st 1796, by Cadell and Davies, Strand.

Where dodging conies ſport; his nerves unſtrung,
And ſtrength unequal, the loborious chaſe
Shall ſtint his growth, and his raſh forward youth
Contract ſuch vicious habits as thy care,
And late correction, never ſhall reclaim.

When to full ſtrength arriv'd, mature and bold,
Conduct them to the field; not all at once,
But as thy cooler prudence ſhall direct,
Select a few, and form them by degrees
To ſtricter diſcipline. With theſe conſort
The ſtanch and ſteady ſages of thy pack,
By long experience vers'd in all the wiles,
And ſubtle doublings of the various chaſe.
Eaſy the leſſon of the youthful train,
When inſtinct prompts, and when example guides.

If the too forward younker at the head
Preſs boldly on, in wanton ſportive mood,
Correct his haſte, and let him feel abaſh'd
The ruling whip. But if he ſtoop behind
In wary modeſt guiſe, to his own noſe
Confiding ſure, give him full ſcope to work
His winding way, and with thy voice applaud
His patience, and his care; ſoon ſhalt thou view
The hopeful pupil leader of his tribe,
And all the liſt'ning pack attend his call.

Oft lead them forth where wanton lambkins play,
And bleating dams with jealous eyes obſerve
Their tender care. If at the crowding flock
He bay preſumptuous, or with eager haſte
Purſue them ſcatter'd o'er the verdant plain;

In the foul fact attach'd, to the ſtrong ram
Tie faſt the raſh offender. See! at firſt
His horn'd companion, fearful, and amaz'd,
Shall drag him trembling o'er the rugged ground:
Then with his load fatigued, ſhall turn a-head,
And with his curl'd hard front inceſſant peal
The panting wretch; till breathleſs and aſtunn'd,
Stretch'd on the turf he lie. Then ſpare not thou
The twining whip, but ply his bleeding ſides
Laſh after laſh, and with thy threat'ning voice,
Harſh-echoing from the hills, inculcate loud
His vile offence. Sooner ſhall trembling doves
Eſcap'd the hawk's ſharp talons, in mid air,
Aſſail their dang'rous foe, than he once more
Diſturb the peaceful flocks. In tender age
Thus youth is train'd; as curious artiſts bend

The taper, pliant twig; or potters form
Their ſoft and ductile clay to various ſhapes.

Nor is 't enough to breed; but to preſerve
Muſt be the huntſman's care. The ſtanch old hounds,
Guides of thy pack, tho' but in number few,
Are yet of great account; ſhall oft untie
The Gordian knot, when reaſon at a ſtand
Puzzling is loſt, and all thy art is vain.
O'er clogging fallows, o'er dry plaſter'd roads,
O'er floated meads, o'er plains with flocks diſtain'd
Rank-ſcenting, theſe muſt lead the dubious way.
As party-chiefs in ſenates who preſide,
With pleaded reaſon and with well-turn'd ſpeech
Conduct the ſtaring multitude; ſo theſe
Direct the pack, who with joint cry approve,
And loudly boaſt diſcov'ries not their own.

Unnumber'd accidents, and various ills,
Attend thy pack, hang hov'ring o'er their heads,
And point the way that leads to Death's dark cave.
Short is their ſpan; few at the date arrive
Of ancient ARGUS in old HOMER's ſong
So highly honour'd: kind, ſagacious brute!
Not ev'n MINERVA's wiſdom could conceal
Thy much lov'd maſter from thy nicer ſenſe.
Dying, his lord he own'd, view'd him all o'er
With eager eyes, then clos'd thoſe eyes, well pleas'd.

Of leſſer ills the Muſe declines to ſing,
Nor ſtoops ſo low; of theſe each groom can tell
The proper remedy. But oh! what care!
What prudence can prevent madneſs, the worſt
Of maladies? Terrific peſt! that blaſts

The huntſman's hopes, and deſolation ſpreads
Thro' all th' unpeopled kennel unreſtrain'd.
More fatal than th' envenom'd viper's bite;
Or that APULIAN ſpider's pois'nous ſting,
Heal'd by the pleaſing antidote of ſounds.

When SIRIUS reigns, and the ſun's parching beams
Bake the dry gaping ſurface, viſit thou
Each ev'n and morn, with quick obſervant eye,
Thy panting pack. If in dark ſullen mood,
The glouting hound refuſe his wonted meal,
Retiring to ſome cloſe, obſcure retreat,
Gloomy, diſconſolate: with ſpeed remove
The poor infectious wretch, and in ſtrong chains
Bind him ſuſpected. Thus that dire diſeaſe
Which art can't cure, wiſe caution may prevent.

But this neglected, ſoon expect a change,
A diſmal change, confuſion, frenzy, death.
Or in ſome dark receſs the ſenſeleſs brute
Sits ſadly pining: deep melancholy,
And black deſpair, upon his clouded brow
Hang low'ring; from his half-op'ning jaws
The clammy venom, and infectious froth,
Diſtilling fall; and from his lungs inflam'd,
Malignant vapours taint the ambient air,
Breathing perdition: his dim eyes are glaz'd,
He droops his penſive head, his trembling limbs
No more ſupport his weight; abject he lies,
Dumb, ſpiritleſs, benumb'd; till death at laſt
Gracious attends, and kindly brings relief.

Or if outrageous grown, behold, alas!
A yet more dreadful ſcene; his glaring eyes

Redden with fury, like ſome angry boar
Churning he foams; and on his back erect
His pointed briſtles riſe; his tail incurv'd
He drops, and with harſh broken howlings rends
The poiſon-tainted air, with rough hoarſe voice
Inceſſant bays; and ſnuffs th' infectious breeze:
This way and that he ſtares aghaſt, and ſtarts
At his own ſhade; jealous, as if he deem'd
The world his foes. If haply tow'rd the ſtream
He caſt his roving eye, cold horror chills
His ſoul; averſe he flies, trembling, appall'd.
Now frantic to the kennel's utmoſt verge
Raving he runs, and deals deſtruction round.
The pack fly diverſe; for whate'er he meets
Vengeful he bites, and ev'ry bite is death.

If now perchance thro' the weak fence eſcap'd,
Far up the wind he roves, with open mouth
Inhales the cooling breeze, nor man, nor beaſt
He ſpares, implacable. The hunter-horſe,
Once kind aſſociate of his ſylvan toils,
(Who haply now without the kennel's mound
Crops the rank mead, and liſt'ning hears with joy
The cheering cry, that morn and eve ſalutes
His raptur'd ſenſe) a wretched victim falls.
Unhappy quadruped! no more, alas!
Shall thy fond maſter with his voice applaud
Thy gentleneſs, thy ſpeed; or with his hand
Stroke thy ſoft dappled ſides, as he each day
Viſits thy ſtall, well pleas'd; no more ſhalt thou
With ſprightly neighings, to the winding horn,
And the loud op'ning pack in concert join'd,

Glad his proud heart. For oh! the ſecret wound
Rankling inflames, he bites the ground and dies.

Hence to the village with pernicious haſte
Baleful he bends his courſe: the village flies
Alarm'd; the tender mother in her arms
Hugs cloſe the trembling babe; the doors are barr'd,
And flying curs by native inſtinct taught,
Shun the contagious bane; the ruſtic bands
Hurry to arms, the rude militia ſeize
Whate'er at hand they find; clubs, forks, or guns
From ev'ry quarter charge the furious foe,
In wild diſorder, and uncouth array:
Till now with wounds on wounds oppreſs'd and gor'd,
At one ſhort pois'nous gaſp he breathes his laſt.

Hence to the kennel, Muſe, return, and view
With heavy heart that hoſpital of woe;
Where Horror ſtalks at large; inſatiate Death
Sits growling o'er his prey: each hour preſents
A diff'rent ſcene of ruin and diſtreſs.
How buſy art thou, Fate! and how ſevere
Thy pointed wrath! the dying and the dead
Promiſcuous lie; o'er theſe the living fight
In one eternal broil; not conſcious why,
Nor yet with whom. So drunkards in their cups,
Spare not their friends, while ſenſeleſs ſquabble reigns.

Huntſman! it much behoves thee to avoid
The perilous debate! Ah! rouſe up all
Thy vigilance, and tread the treach'rous ground
With careful ſtep. Thy fires unquench'd preſerve,

As erſt the veſtal flame; the pointed ſteel
In the hot embers hide; and if ſurpriz'd
Thou feel'ſt the deadly bite, quick urge it home
Into the recent ſore, and cauterize
The wound; ſpare not thy fleſh, nor dread th' event:
VULCAN ſhall ſave when ÆSCULAPIUS fails.

Here, ſhould the knowing Muſe recount the means
To ſtop this growing plague. And here, alas!
Each hand preſents a ſov'reign cure, and boaſts
Infallibility, but boaſts in vain.
On this depend, each to his ſep'rate ſeat
Confine, in fetters bound; give each his meſs
Apart, his range in open air; and then
If deadly ſymptoms to thy grief appear,
Devote the wretch, and let him greatly fall,
A gen'rous victim for the public weal.

Sing, philoſophic Muſe, the dire effects
Of this contagious bite on hapleſs man.
The ruſtic ſwains, by long tradition taught
Of leeches old, as ſoon as they perceive
The bite impreſs'd, to the ſea-coaſts repair.
Plung'd in the briny flood, th' unhappy youth
Now journeys home ſecure; but ſoon ſhall wiſh
The ſeas as yet had cover'd him beneath
The foaming ſurge, full many a fathom deep.
A fate more diſmal, and ſuperior ills
Hang o'er his head devoted. When the moon
Cloſing her monthly round, returns again
To glad the night, or when full-orb'd ſhe ſhines
High in the vault of heav'n, the lurking peſt
Begins the dire aſſault. The pois'nous foam
Thro' the deep wound inſtill'd with hoſtile rage,

And all its fiery particles ſaline,
Invades th' arterial fluid; whoſe red waves
Tempeſtuous heave, and their coheſion broke,
Fermenting boil; inteſtine war enſues,
And order to confuſion turns embroil'd.
Now the diſtended veſſels ſcarce contain
The wild uproar, but preſs each weaker part,
Unable to reſiſt: the tender brain
And ſtomach ſuffer moſt; convulſions ſhake
His trembling nerves, and wand'ring pungent pains
Pinch ſore the ſleepleſs wretch; his flutt'ring pulſe
Oft intermits; penſive, and ſad, he mourns
His cruel fate, and to his weeping friends
Laments in vain; to haſty anger prone,
Reſents each ſlight offence, walks with quick ſtep,
And wildly ſtares; at laſt with boundleſs ſway

The tyrant frenzy reigns: for as the dog
(Whoſe fatal bite convey'd th' infectious bane)
Raving he foams, and howls, and barks, and bates.
Like agitations in his boiling blood
Preſent like ſpecies to his troubled mind;
His nature, and his actions all canine.
So as (old HOMER ſung) th' aſſociates wild
Of wand'ring ITHACUS, by CIRCE's charms
To ſwine transform'd, ran gruntling thro' the groves.
Dreadful example to a wicked world!
See there diſtreſs'd he lies! parch'd up with thirſt,
But dares not drink. Till now at laſt his ſoul
Trembling eſcapes, her noiſome dungeon leaves,
And to ſome purer region wings away.

One labour yet remains, celeſtial Maid!
Another element demands thy ſong.

No more o'er craggy ſteeps, thro' coverts thick
With pointed thorn, and briers intricate,
Urge on with horn and voice the painful pack:
But ſkim with wanton wing th' irriguous vale,
Where winding ſtreams amid the flow'ry meads
Perpetual glide along; and undermine
The cavern'd banks, by the tenacious roots
Of hoary willows arch'd; gloomy retreat
Of the bright ſcaly kind; where they at will,
On the green wat'ry reed their paſture graze,
Suck the moiſt ſoil, or ſlumber at their eaſe,
Rock'd by the reſtleſs brook, that draws aſlope
Its humid train, and laves their dark abodes.
Where rages not oppreſſion? Where, alas!
Is innocence ſecure? Rapine and ſpoil
Haunt ev'n the loweſt deeps; ſeas have their ſharks,
Rivers and ponds inclos'd the rav'nous pike;

He in his turn becomes a prey; on him
Th' amphibious otter feaſts. Juſt is his fate
Deſerv'd; but tyrants know no bounds; nor ſpears
That briſtle on his back, defend the perch
From his wide greedy jaws; nor burniſh'd mail
The yellow carp; nor all his arts can ſave
Th' inſinuating eel, that hides his head
Beneath the ſlimy mud; nor yet eſcapes
The crimſon-ſpotted trout, the river's pride,
And beauty of the ſtream. Without remorſe,
This midnight pillager ranging around,
Inſatiate ſwallows all. The owner mourns
Th' unpeopled rivulet, and gladly hears
The huntſman's early call, and ſees with joy
The jovial crew, that march upon its banks
In gay parade, with bearded lances arm'd.

This ſubtle ſpoiler of the beaver kind,
Far off, perhaps, where ancient alders ſhade
The deep ſtill pool; within ſome hollow trunk
Contrives his wicker couch: whence he ſurveys
His long purlieu, lord of the ſtream, and all
The finny ſhoals his own. But you, brave youths,
Diſpute the felon's claim; try ev'ry root,
And ev'ry reedy bank; encourage all
The buſy-ſpreading pack, that fearleſs plunge
Into the flood, and croſs the rapid ſtream.
Bid rocks and caves, and each reſounding ſhore,
Proclaim your bold defiance; loudly raiſe
Each cheering voice, till diſtant hills repeat
The triumphs of the vale. On the ſoft ſand
See there his ſeal impreſs'd! and on that bank
Behold the glitt'ring ſpoils, half-eaten fiſh,

Scales, fins, and bones, the leavings of his feaſt.
Ah! on that yielding ſag-bed, ſee, once more
His ſeal I view. O'er yon dank ruſhy marſh
The ſly gooſe-footed prowler bends his courſe,
And ſeeks the diſtant ſhallows. Huntſman, bring
Thy eager pack; and trail him to his couch.
Hark! the loud peal begins, the clam'rous joy,
The gallant chiding, loads the trembling air.

Ye NAIADS fair, who o'er theſe floods preſide,
Raiſe up your dripping heads above the wave,
And hear our melody. Th' harmonious notes
Float with the ſtream; and ev'ry winding creek
And hollow rock, that o'er the dimpling flood
Nods pendant, ſtill improve from ſhore to ſhore

Our ſweet reiterated joys. What ſhouts!
What clamour loud! What gay heart-cheering ſounds
Urge thro' the breathing braſs their mazy way!
Nor choirs of Tritons glad with ſprightlier ſtrains
The dancing billows; when proud NEPTUNE rides
In triumph o'er the deep. How greedily
They ſnuff the fiſhy ſteam, that to each blade
Rank-ſcenting clings! See! how the morning dews
They ſweep, that from their feet beſprinkling drop
Diſpers'd, and leave a track oblique behind.
Now on firm land they range; then in the flood
They plunge tumultuous; or thro' reedy pools
Ruſtling they work their way: no holt eſcapes
Their curious ſearch. With quick ſenſation now
The fuming vapour ſtings; flutter their hearts,
And joy redoubled burſts from ev'ry mouth

In louder ſymphonies. Yon hollow trunk,
That with its hoary head incurv'd ſalutes
The paſſing wave, muſt be the tyrant's fort,
And dread abode. How theſe impatient climb,
While others at the root inceſſant bay:
They put him down. See, there he dives along!
Th' aſcending bubbles mark his gloomy way.
Quick fix the nets, and cut off his retreat
Into the ſhelt'ring deeps. Ah, there he vents!
The pack lunge headlong, and protended ſpears
Menace deſtruction: while the troubled ſurge
Indignant foams, and all the ſcaly kind
Affrighted, hide their heads. Wild tumult reigns,
And loud uproar. Ah, there once more he vents!
See, that bold hound has ſeiz'd him; down they ſink,
Together loſt: but ſoon ſhall he repent

His raſh aſſault. See there eſcap'd, he flies
Half-drown'd, and clambers up the ſlipp'ry bank
With ooze and blood diſtain'd. Of all the brutes,
Whether by Nature form'd, or by long uſe,
This artful diver beſt can bear the want
Of vital air. Unequal is the fight,
Beneath the whelming element. Yet there
He lives not long; but reſpiration needs
At proper intervals. Again he vents;
Again the crowd attack. That ſpear has pierc'd
His neck; the crimſon waves confeſs the wound.
Fix'd is the bearded lance, unwelcome gueſt,
Where'er he flies; with him it ſinks beneath,
With him it mounts; ſure guide to ev'ry foe.
Inly he groans; nor can his tender wound
Bear the cold ſtream. Lo! to yon ſedgy bank

He creeps diſconſolate; his num'rous foes
Surround him, hounds and men. Pierc'd thro' and thro',
On pointed ſpears they lift him high in air;
Wriggling he hangs, and grins, and bites in vain:
Bid the loud horns, in gayly-warbling ſtrains,
Proclaim the felon's fate; he dies, he dies.

Rejoice, ye ſcaly tribes, and leaping dance
Above the wave, in ſign of liberty
Reſtor'd; the cruel tyrant is no more.
Rejoice ſecure and bleſs'd; did not as yet
Remain, ſome of your own rapacious kind;
And man, fierce man, with all his various wiles.

O happy! if ye knew your happy ſtate,
Ye rangers of the fields; whom Nature boon

Cheers with her ſmiles, and ev'ry element
Conſpires to bleſs. What, if no heroes frown
From marble pedeſtals; nor RAPHAEL's works,
Nor TITIAN's lively tints, adorn our walls?
Yet theſe the meaneſt of us may behold;
And at another's coſt may feaſt at will
Our wond'ring eyes; what can the owner more?
But vain, alas! is wealth, not grac'd with pow'r.
The flow'ry landſcape, and the gilded dome,
And viſtas op'ning to the wearied eye,
Thro' all his wide domain; the planted grove,
The ſhrubby wilderneſs, with its gay choir
Of warbling birds, can't lull to ſoft repoſe
Th' ambitious wretch, whoſe diſcontented ſoul
Is harrow'd day and night; he mourns, he pines,
Until his prince's favour makes him great.

See there he comes, th' exalted idol comes!
The circle's form'd, and all his fawning ſlaves
Devoutly bow to earth; from ev'ry mouth
The nauſeous flatt'ry flows, which he returns
With promiſes, that die as ſoon as born.
Vile intercourſe! where virtue has no place.
Frown but the monarch, all his glories fade;
He mingles with the throng, outcaſt, undone,
The pageant of a day; without one friend
To ſooth his tortur'd mind; all, all are fled.
For tho' they baſk'd in his meridian ray,
The inſects vaniſh, as his beams decline.

Not ſuch our friends; for here no dark deſign,
No wicked int'reſt bribes the venal heart;
But inclination to our boſom leads,

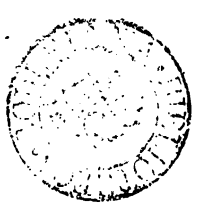
And weds them there for life; our ſocial cups
Smile, as we ſmile; open, and unreſerv'd.
We ſpeak our inmoſt ſouls; good humour, mirth,
Soft complaiſance, and wit from malice free,
Smooth ev'ry brow, and glow on ev'ry cheek.

O happineſs ſincere! what wretch would groan
Beneath the galling load of pow'r, or walk
Upon the ſlipp'ry pavements of the great,
Who thus could reign, unenvy'd and ſecure?

Ye guardian pow'rs who make mankind your care,
Give me to know wiſe Nature's hidden depths,
Trace each myſterious cauſe, with judgment read
Th' expanded volume, and ſubmiſs adore
That great creative Will, who at a word

Spoke forth the wond'rous ſcene. But if my ſoul
To this groſs clay confin'd, flutters on earth
With leſs ambitious wing, unſkill'd to range
From orb to orb, where NEWTON leads the way,
And view with piercing eyes the grand machine,
Worlds above worlds, ſubſervient to His voice,
Who, veil'd in clouded majeſty, alone
Gives light to all; bids the great ſyſtem move,
And changeful ſeaſons in their turns advance,
Unmov'd, unchang'd himſelf: yet this, at leaſt,
Grant me propitious, an inglorious life,
Calm and ſerene, nor loſt in falſe purſuits
Of wealth or honors; but enough to raiſe
My drooping friends, preventing modeſt Want
That dares not aſk. And if to crown my joys,
Ye grant me health, that, ruddy in my cheeks,

Blooms in my life's decline; fields, woods, and
ſtreams,
Each tow'ring hill, each humble vale below,
Shall hear my cheering voice, my hounds ſhall wake
The lazy morn, and glad th' horizon round.



New Editions of the following POETICAL WORKS, *elegantly printed in an uniform Size with* DR. AIKIN'S *Edition of* SOMERVILLE'S CHASE, *and each in a similar Manner adorned with* PLATES, *have been lately published by* CADELL *and* DAVIES, *in the* STRAND.

---

1. THE ART OF PRESERVING HEALTH, by JOHN ARMSTRONG, M. D. to which is prefixed a Critical Eſſay on the Poem, by Dr. AIKIN, 6s. in Boards.
2. THE PLEASURES OF IMAGINATION, by MARK AKENSIDE, M. D. To which is prefixed, A Critical Eſſay, by Mrs. BARBAULD. 6s. in Boards.
3. THE PLEASURES OF MEMORY, with ſome other Poems, by SAMUEL ROGERS, Eſq. 7s. in Boards.
4. THE TRIUMPHS OF TEMPER, a Poem, by WILLIAM HAYLEY, Eſq. 6s. in boards.
5. THE MINE: a Dramatic Poem. To which are added two Hiſtoric Odes. By JOHN SARGENT, Eſq. 5s. in Boards.
6. ELEGIAC SONNETS, and other Poems, by CHARLOTTE SMITH, 2 Vols. 12s. in Boards.

*** Each of the Volumes may be had ſeparate.

7. SONNETS, and other Poems, by the Rev. W. L. BOWLES, A.M. 6s. in Boards.

*** A Second Volume will be publiſhed ſoon.

8. THE POEMS of WILLIAM COLLINS, including his Ode on the Superſtitions of the Highlanders. With a Critical Eſſay, by Mrs. BARBAULD. 5s. in Boards.

9. THE POETICAL WORKS of WILLIAM SHENSTONE, Eſq. 2 Vols. 10s. in Boards.

10. THE SPLEEN, and other Poems, by MATTHEW GREEN. With a prefatory Eſſay by Dr. AIKIN. 5s. in Boards.

11. AN ESSAY ON MAN. By ALEXANDER POPE, Eſq. With a Critical Eſſay by Dr. AIKIN. 5s. in Boards.

12. THE POETICAL WORKS OF OLIVER GOLDSMITH, LL.D. With an Eſſay on his Life and Writings by Dr. AIKIN, 4s.

13. THE SEASONS, by JAMES THOMSON. With a prefatory Eſſay by Dr. AIKIN. 5s. in Boards.

14. WALKS IN A FOREST: or Poems deſcriptive of Scenery and Incidents characteriſtic of a Foreſt at different Seaſons of the Year. By THOMAS GISBORNE, M. A. 6s. in Boards.

15. THE SHIPWRECK, a Poem, by WILLIAM FALCONER, 5s. in Boards.